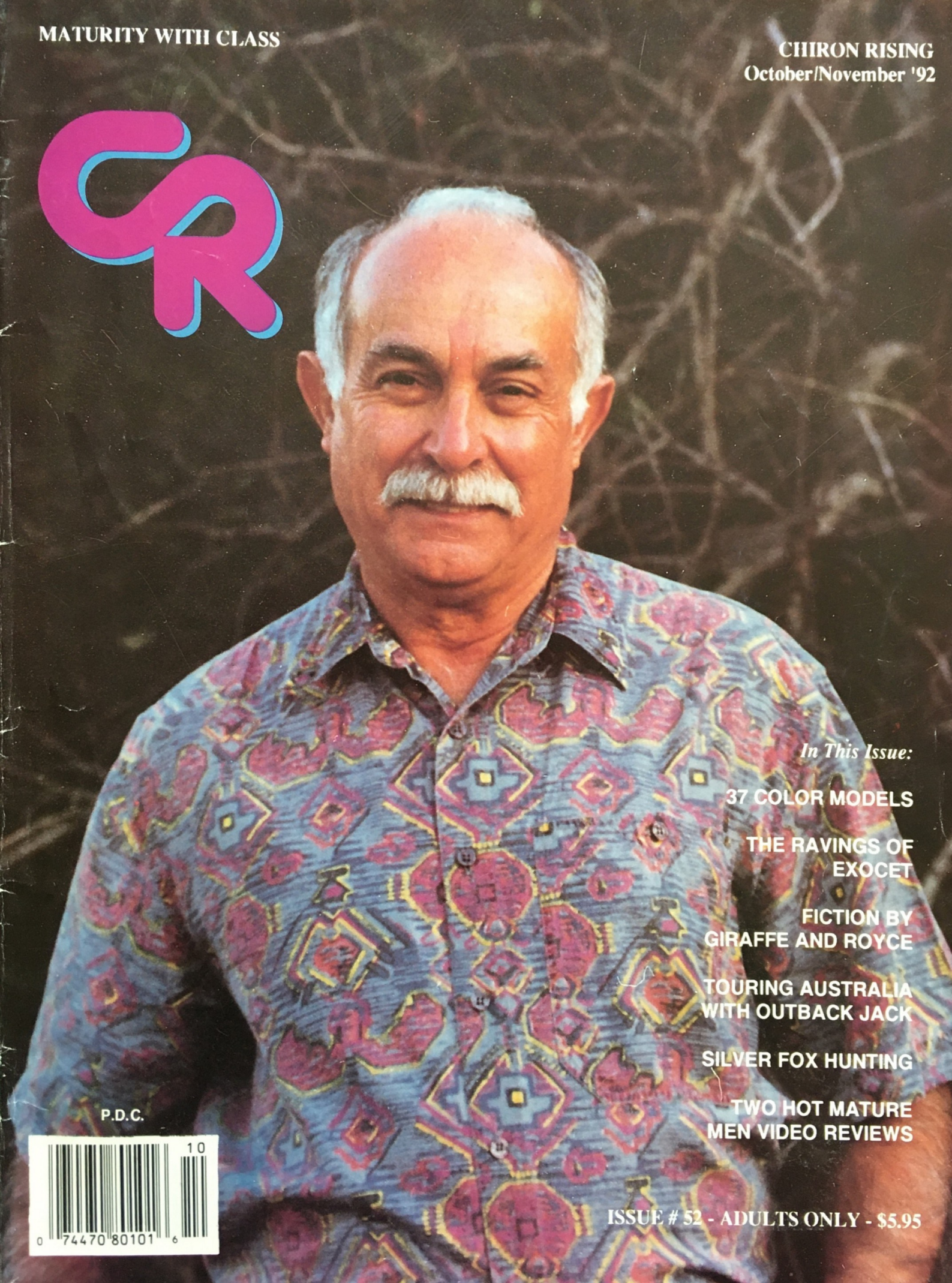
MATURITY WITH CLASS

CHIRON RISING
October/November '92

# CR



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THE RAVINGS OF EXOCET

FICTION BY GIRAFFE AND ROYCE

TOURING AUSTRALIA WITH OUTBACK JACK

SILVER FOX HUNTING

TWO HOT MATURE MEN VIDEO REVIEWS

P.D.C.

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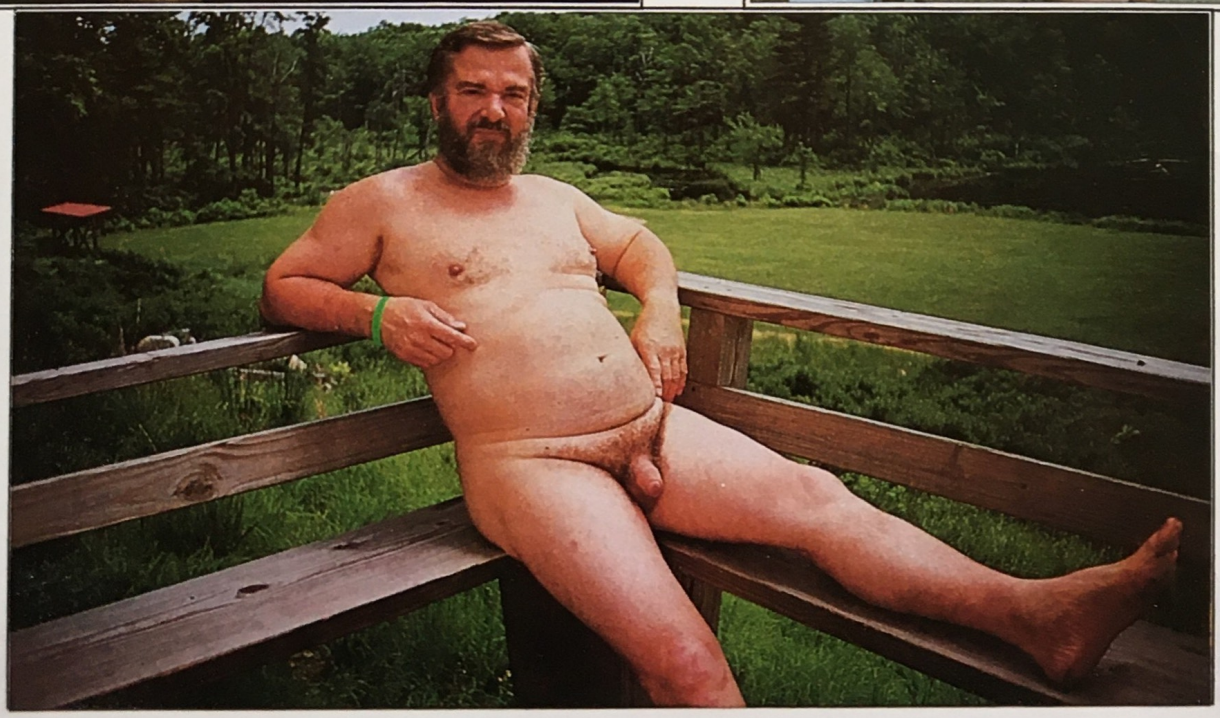
ISSUE # 52 - ADULTS ONLY - $5.95

# ARNIE



PHOTOS BY OSCAR

**THIS PUBLICATION IS A CELEBRATION OF THE MATURE, SEASONED MAN IN ALL HIS MANY SIZES, COLORS AND SEXUAL ORIENTATIONS. OUR GOALS: TO PUBLISH THE FINEST ADULT ENTERTAINMENT OF INTEREST TO THE MATURE MAN AND HIS MANY ADMIRERS; TO PROVIDE OUR READERS WITH A CONTACT NETWORK THROUGH WHICH THEY MAY ENRICH THEIR LIVES WITH NEW FRIENDS, LIFE-MATES AND A SENSE OF RENEWED DIGNITY AND BELONGING.**

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Profiles of all black & white photo models, artists and writers are located at the end of their portrait/featured work. Profiles of color photo models are located on page 31 and 32. All contributors welcome correspondence unless noted otherwise. You may write to them as you would a coded personal advertiser. Please see page 45 for instructions.

# F O R U M

## SOME RECOMMENDATIONS FROM THE RENEWAL NOTICES

*We decided to create a space for comments and recommendations for improvement on our brightly colored renewal notices. The results have been terrific. Now we have a much better idea about what you guys want: more of the same with a few exceptions. What follows are some of the more interesting comments. PHC*

As an admirer of older men, I don't want to see pictures of younger people who admire them too. If older men want to look at younger men, or if they want to advertise, do a special issue for them, then those who wish to purchase it may do so. For my money I only want to see OVER 60+. If I wanted to see younger men, I would not need to subscribe to you. Excuse the tone of the previous comment. I'm not complaining. I love your magazine, but it's the only one of its kind. But do you see my point? How about a real fantasy section? I can't be the only person with a thing for Wendy's dad, Dave, or Ed McMahan, Raymond Burr, Tom Bosley, William Conrad, General Schwarzkopf, etc., etc. How about articles and photos of them? You could get your artists to draw them instead of men with too-fat penises. That's their fantasy. It's not everyone's. RAM's men are sooo cute, but their dicks are too big!! It's probably some kind of infringement policy, but a center spread of Raymond Burr? Wow!! J.L./Oregon

Let's see more pictures of young studs who are supposed to be attracted to us mature and portly ones. More "normal" short stories—no violence or quirks. J.K./Southern California

I am ***totally*** not interested in your artwork. Want to see the real thing or no subscription any more. This issue [#51] is sad. Sorry. J.K./Sarasota

What are the possibilities of having more articles and more photos? What a fantasy come true that would be. I know in one of your issues you had a farewell photo of EX-LOGGER. Do you ever hear from him any more? C.M./Oklahoma

*The last time he wrote, he was very much in love and having a ball up in Chehalis. We'll never lose touch with EX-LOGGER. He was our first super model. PHC*

I agree with some of your letter-writers about the violence, drugs, etc. in the novels. I also agree that they are well-written, but would like a little more romance, gentleness and less abrasiveness. What about something more pastoral? Say on the lines of the Loon books? Your photos, drawings, stories continue to charm and entertain, not to mention uplift. I keep hoping that our customs continue their (so far in 1992) more casual approach. Your latest issue arrived yesterday, and I hasten to send spondulucks to ensure continued receipt of your splendid magazine. J.R./England

*Maybe J.R. will enjoy* REDEMPTION FOR THE SATYR, *which has no drugs, little violence, sweet romance, and a whole hell of a lot of sex. Yes, apparently the English Customs have changed their minds about our being obscene. What does "spondulucks" mean? As a rule, most urban dwellers are less put off by the drugs and violence in my novels than those who live more sheltered lives. Perhaps the city folk saw the anti-drug message and want to see serious social issues addressed in modern fiction. But for those of you who want "yellow brick road" fantasy, we've got that, too. PHC*

## EARTHQUAKES AS TOURIST ATTRACTIONS

I'm one of those people who didn't follow the directions [about the special issues upgrade]. I never saw them. The magazine arrived at my home while I was on a two-month vacation in your part of the country (Palm Springs). After receiving #50, then #51, I knew I'd missed out on something terrific. So enclosed please find my check for #49, the KNOWING SATURN special. Use the extra to send a copy to a brother who may not be able to pay for one. My friend and I had a terrific time while in California. We were even "lucky enough" to be there for the quake. Having never been through such an experience before, it was really something. We were so impressed with Palm Springs that we have put our Brooklyn home up for sale and are planning on relocating there. Keep up the good work. Al in Brooklyn.

## EARTHQUAKES AS PAINS IN THE ASS

Just got this issue and didn't find a word about the "Almighty" shakes you've gone through. Hope all is well. I know the dogs are scared. Are you? We pray for the best for you. J.F./Northern California

*The 7.5 Landers Quake hit after last issue went to press. We were sound asleep when it erupted about 60 miles to the east of us. Sammi and Zelda, sensing that something was about to happen, jumped into bed with us, and when I awakened, I felt a lilting sensation; The Friar was sitting up in bed looking down at me through his "Star Wars" breathing mask. I don't know what scared me more, his mask or the lilting. Then when all hell broke loose, we jumped out of bed and held on to the bedroom door frame as the dogs wrapped themselves around our feet. A few items fell to the floor and the power was off for 8-1/2 hours, but there was no real damage. Our double-wide mobile home sounded like it was going to rip apart, but it stayed in one piece. Unfortunately, the office was in shambles and got even worse when the 6.5 Big Bear quake (40 miles away) hit a few hours later. There was no equipment damage, but files and papers were strewn everywhere, necessitating the re-creation of several files and causing a 10-day delay in processing mail. Some of our subscribers near the epicenter had severe damage, but they weren't hurt, thank God. PHC*

## MORE ASIAN AND HISPANIC MODELS

The photo of the incredibly handsome JOHN BEAR on the front cover of #51 added tremendous class to the magazine. I'd like to suggest another good cover model: Sean Connery look-alike, CJ. The 42 photos of the CR Contributors' Gathering speak so well of the affair's success. This annual meeting is a good vehicle for all the "siblings" of the CR family to keep in touch, know each other, develop rapport and connect to one another as a solid family. You guys are Godsend to shepherd this very special flock. I suggest that you consider holding a Contributors' meeting in the Chicago area in the future. It would be good if you could publish Hispanic and Asian models to make CR a multicultural magazine. Because of the way it is now, CR seems to be a very "white & black" magazine with only white and black models. Where are the beautiful browns? You and The Friar make a damn good pair. I wish you both the best. EL HOMBRE/Chicago

*CJ was on the cover of the May 90 Special. TURBO*

*(Latin-American), DRAGON (Chinese-American), and two KAIMEI-KAN (Japanese) models (page 18) were featured in #51. I guess the photos of JOHN BEAR and CJ blinded EL HOMBRE, a Filipino model who was scheduled for this issue 4 months ago. Our to-be-published photo files are bulging with models of every race. No magazine mixes it up like CR. PHC*

**GOOD NEWS/BAD NEWS/GREAT OUTLOOK**

I hasten to send my check for CR as I wouldn't miss a copy for the world. I started with your second issue of SWAN, and my buddy of 15 years devours the classifieds and the stories over and over again. As close as we are, we go separate ways, so recently I became acquainted with a man through CR. I am 71 and he is 73. Somehow we found something in each other that was like iron to a magnet. At our ages it is not often that one can learn again the wonders and joys that two men can share. My second urgent reason is that yesterday I learned I have prostate cancer in the early stages. Ironically I read the article in newly arrived #51, but, unfortunately, I disposed of #44, which contained an article on prostate cancer. I would like to obtain a copy of #44 as it might be helpful to me in learning more about what this will involve. Man alive! Can I come to that contributors' gathering next year? I have never seen so many handsome, wonderful-looking men in one place in all my life. I bet if you sold tickets the next time, you could make a fortune. I sure as hell would be there. I didn't know that there were that many good-looking men in your whole state. I almost did a good ole southern "swoon." Appreciating what you are doing. W.B./Tennessee

*We sent W.B. one of the last copies of #44 and wished him good luck in the treatment of his cancer. He's very lucky that his doctors found it in the early stages. As of this printing, no one has come forward to co-host the next gathering in the Midwest or East Coast. PHC*

**ANOTHER KIND OF SUPPORTER**

I have supported first SWAN and then CR for a number of years, because I felt—and still feel—that you are providing a wonderful magazine for many older gays and younger gays who like them. (I still hate that word, let alone "queer" or "faggot," but I can't think of a better word. "Homosexual" is so long and hard to pronounce.) It seems to me that now that you are quite successful, you don't need my support any more. The magazine has never appealed to me personally. I don't enjoy "erotic" fiction, and pictures of men are not of real consequence to me. I prefer to do it rather than fantasize or look at pictures—not that there is anything wrong with fantasizing or looking at pictures. I hope you don't misunderstand me. I think you put out a fine magazine. It is just not to my taste, and you no longer appear to be in a fledgling category, needing support where you can get it. Best wishes for continued success. T.D./Washington, DC

*Now that's what I call a special supporter! He didn't even like or need the magazine, yet he supported it because of the good it did for others. Our hats go off to T.D., and we wish him well. For the record, however, CR is no longer an exclusively " gay" or "erotic" magazine. We have lots of non-gay readers, and much of our fiction, photography, reviews and articles are not remotely erotic. PHC*

**SOMETHING GOOD ALWAYS COMES FROM FRIENDSHIP**

A young friend recently showed me copies of your magazine, which he subscribes to. I was really impressed and found #48 the first chance I had when I got to the city. I want to thank you for putting out a fine publication that dignifies us and our interests. As I get older, I have become increasingly more discouraged with being gay, as it seems that once you get over that thirty-five-year-old hill, one more-or-less becomes history. I have always been an admirer of younger men and respectful of those of us who have become older and achieved some sort of success. But it seems that in my case, whatever success I may have achieved hasn't meant much since I haven't been able to find anyone who seems honest or caring enough to want to share and contribute to it. About six years ago I met a young man on a visit to Australia, and a very close relationship ensued for about a year and a half. We were both pretty naive; we had a lot of hard knocks in learning the ins and outs of immigration and trying to remain friends over such a great distance. It nearly ended in disaster for both of us and left us pretty discouraged with our lives. We both have tried really hard to get ourselves back in working order, but it's been tough. After the breakup I kept trying to find someone who could take his place, but he has been a mighty hard act to follow. Then about a year ago, I met a young man who possesses many of the characteristics I have looked for. We instantly hit it off very well, but unfortunately for me, he is already in a very loving relationship and quite happy with it. But he became a very good friend, and he is the one that put me onto you folks. So, as usual, something good has come from that friendship. Anyway, I'm sorry that this has turned into such a long-winded dissertation merely to say that you have a great magazine and philosophy. With my subscription, I hope to see much more of your good and thoughtful works. Many thanks. R.V./Washington

**SEEKING AMPUTEES**

Just read issue #49 and found it one of your very best. It introduced a segment of our society which has been ignored or glossed over: amputees. Love for and/or relationships with amputees are subjects rarely brought up. If there are amputees among the readership, I would like to contact them. Is this possible? If so, let me know what procedure to follow. F.R./St. Petersburg

*Amputees may write F.R./St. Petersburg through CR. We recommend that F.R. contact CR writer KENN RICHIE. PHC*

**NOTHING COULD BE FINER**

I'm a new subscriber from North Carolina, aged 65. Loved your Issue #50. This is most satisfying for lonely people. It has been a great summer. R.S./North Carolina

**ZIPPER GETS A SECOND LOOK**

Thank you men for creating and publishing such a magazine with maturity and class. I was merely browsing in the book store when the picture of ZIPPER on your front cover (#50) caught my eyes for a second glance. Then, curiosity led me to peep through these heart-pumping and exciting pictures of hairy, rugged, stocky, mature, and classy men. Once I got home and actually read the articles, I was amazed and heart-warmed by the unity and love within the CR family. In fact, I do not know who THE COLONEL is or what he looks like, but hey . . . please tell him that I am sorry and send my condolences. "COLONEL, you seem strong and kind. Please take care of yourself, because the CR family needs you!" Pat and The Friar, thank you and continue smiling . . . like you've helped me do. PITBULL/Sacramento

### DREAMS CAN COME TRUE

You've heard it before, dozens of times, I'm sure: thank you for your magazine. I finally got up the nerve to look for a publication geared toward the mature man, and *viola!* There you were. Thank you. You'll find my subscription enclosed, along with a personal ad. I certainly can't let opportunity pass me by. Right now I feel like I did when I was coming out: excited, nervous, scared, a little sad . . . but exhilarated! Perhaps there *is* the older man of my dreams out there, even though my "chicken"/disco queen days are long gone (thank God!). How nice if we meet before either of us gets any older. Time will tell. I can't wait 'til the next issue, even though I missed the ad deadline. The photos, the fiction and the FORUM—three Fs—I'll look forward to for many months and years to come (I hope!) Much success to both of you and all of us. Dreams *can* come true, and we all can make it happen. Love, BIFF/Northern California

### REMINISCING ABOUT THE EARLY SWAN VIDEOS

Just a note to tell you how much I appreciate you two. I have been a subscriber since the days of SWAN and I've enjoyed seeing your publication grow and mature. Love your new logo. I'm sure that there have been many days when you wondered why you "ever left the farm," but you have been all things to a lot of men, and I applaud your efforts. You published two of my photos under the name of SOONER and I have found some great friends. Of course, there were those who lost interest after the first one or two letter exchanges, but some of the friendships have matured. I have not been seeking a significant other, but rather just wanted to expand my range of friends, and your magazine has accomplished that for me. Also I have two of your videos you made in an earlier time, CENTAUR SIX and TRIPLEX. I still play them occasionally and get the same old excitement from watching the action between you and ROB DADEO, as well as those segments with BOBBY JOE and the departed RED BARON. It's too bad that more producers can't realize that there's a great segment of the gay population that is not wanting to "cut in" on the young, but are looking for mature men. And the field of tit action is hardly even sampled. This is longer than I had planned, but I just wanted you to know that your "labor of love" hasn't gone unappreciated. SOONER/Oklahoma

*There is a rumor going around that we are copyrighting and re-releasing CENTAUR SIX and TRIPLEX on one video to thwart the numerous video outfits who are renting out and selling faded copies of the original. Sorry to say that this isn't true. Until all five of the surviving original cast members agree to sign on for a re-release, the videos will remain in public domain, and others will continue to make all the money, as they have done for five years. PHC*

### SHOWING MORE IN THE SPECIAL ISSUES

I received your special issue #49 a few weeks ago and like all the others before it, I enjoyed every page. As you know, I have been with you as a fan from issue #1 and will enjoy almost anything you publish. But in answer to your request as to what we the reader would like in upcoming special issues, I have this to say: It would really be nice to re-read your novel BARNEY once again. Also, why don't you show more in your special issues the way you used to? Keep up the good work, my friends. I.N.K./Florida

BARNEY *has been re-written as* REDEMPTION FOR THE SATYR *and will be featured in the upcoming FALL/WINTER issue of* **CR CLASSICS**, *the new name of our special issues. See the announcement in this issue. I made significant changes so that readers of the original* BARNEY *will enjoy reading the new version. In the earlier special issues, we featured graphic sex in photos and drawings, something most modern CR readers don't want to see and most bookstores won't carry on their shelves.*

### THE IMPORTANCE OF, AND NEED FOR, LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

As an Englishman who has travelled in the U.S. a number of times, may I add my praise for CR? Staying with friends in La Jolla, I devoured all your back issues. It isn't just the eroticism of looking at the photos of your elderly models; it is something far more subtle and important. Of course, the photos are exciting to look at (and even more so, the drawings by the likes of that superb artist, RAM)—at least I find them exciting. But the thing that strikes me about CR is that you don't portray a feeling of smut or mere salacious pleasures, but rather your whole magazine radiates the importance of, and need for, love and friendship. It is most touching to read of the love and support held out to those of your contributors who have lost their loved ones. As for myself, I suppose I am to a great extent still "in the closet." As a retired lawyer, I cannot afford to be seen as anything but what I am. I am 69, was happily married and have two children and five grandchildren. I have been widowered for many years. In 1972, shortly after losing both my wife and mother with cancer within two years, and having suffered a coronary myself, I was lucky enough to meet a wonderful man. We were together (in all but residing together) for 14 years until his death in 1985, aged 84. Yes, obviously I prefer the older guys. I used to seek people 20 years older than I, but I've developed broader tastes as I've got older—after all, there are not too many nonogenerians around! Maybe I should put a personal ad in CR one day. Thank you, Pat and The Friar and all the others that make CR possible. C.G.N./Cumbria, ENGLAND

### A STAR IS BORN

I just want to wish you and The Friar a happy anniversary! I let my subscription lapse because I'm able to pick up a copy of your fine publication right here in the Village at A Different Light Bookstore. In fact, since your new distribution pact, CR is all over New York City. The ZIPPER is looking at the fine residents of this town from many, many magazine racks. He's a celeb in NYC! Many thanks for the great issues of CR, the photographs, your fiction that keeps getting better and better. Many more happy years. P.M./New York

### FUCK WEST HOLLYWOOD

I just wanted to drop a note and thank you again for the hospitality during my recent visit. Compared to my visit to Casa de Luna, the rest of my California visit was a let-down. There seems to be a disproportionate number of twits in Southern California. I got a chance to see Santa Barbara, the La Brea Tar Pits (a real hunk at the gift shop), the L.A. County Art Museum, and West Hollywood. It was weird driving down Santa Monica Boulevard amid flapping gay liberation banners, plus West Hollywood has more than its fair share of haughty queens. Hopefully, my East Coast bias isn't showing, but I really don't like L.A. But I love the Mojave! I hope that I will see you two again at the East Coast CR Contributors' Gathering. R.K.B./New Jersey.

*West Hollywood is different. It's an enigma to us when it comes to magazine sales. We sell more issues in conservative Orange County than West Hollywood, which has one of the largest concentrations of gay men in Southern California. According to informed sources, West Hollywood is populated by mostly younger and trendier clone-types who think that anyone over 40 is a toad. CR types tend to live in places like Hollywood, Silverlake and San Fernando Valley, where we sell quite well. PHC*

**VALIDATION AND CELEBRATION**

Will this be the millionth time you've heard this? After discovering CR I've finally found fulfillment in the gay press. I must say, your cover was very discreet. At first glance I thought the porn shop was branching out into non-homoerotic territory. But one look at ZIPPER on the cover was enough for me. Although I was unsure what I might find inside, I snatched that issue right off the rack! I'm a youthful 40-year-old who was fortunate to find an older lover 15 years ago. We're still going strong, but I've never found the validation, let alone celebration of the mature man that you do so well. I'm finding warmth and personality each time I read CR. From readers, fiction and artwork—not to mention a lively and adept editorial hand . . . and many hot photos. So, I wanted to let you know you've got another fan who thanks you and is hoping you may continue to keep up the terrific work! P.R./Connecticut

**MORE ON BISEXUALITY**

Since my letter appeared in issue #48, I've been contacted by eleven bi-men, who relate a variety of backgrounds and approaches to their orientation. The majority are married with children (one has 8) and strictly closeted. About half of these find sexual and emotional satisfaction with their spouses, but feel a need for male affection and/or intimacy. The others are either comfortable in a lukewarm relationship or feel trapped with a partner they really dislike, making life tolerable only through a series of outside contacts. Adding insult to injury, if they do find a good friendship, contacts are limited by their situation. Others include a young Asian who plans to enjoy male contacts until he is 35, then marry and raise a family; two married clergymen; and a widower who feels free from social constraints since the loss of his wife. The first letter received was from a gentleman who had married, raised four children, then decided he was strictly gay and divorced his wife. This raises another question: How do each of us define "gay" and "bisexual"? Some say that anyone who has ever been aroused by the same sex is a homosexual; others say that any homosexual who has ever been aroused by the opposite sex is bisexual. Then there is "gay." Is it synonymous with "homosexual," or is it possible to be one without the other? The most positive working definition I've encountered equates "gay" with being capable of emotion intimacy with the same sex, yet there are numerous homosexuals (as well as married heterosexuals) capable only of physical interaction. If readers are interested, I'll write more about the bisexuals I've met, their adjustments and problems. One of the most beautiful scenes I witnessed was a newlywed couple that came to a bisexual support group meeting after he had shared his bisexual feelings with her. By the way, in response to my CR personal ad the last couple of months, five responders identified themselves as bisexual; 40 listed no orientation. BIMAN/New Jersey

**MORALITY ISSUES IN THE WORLD OF SMALL BUSINESS**

I appreciate your efforts in keeping the magazine going. I do know how much effort is involved. It's not simply using a word processor for the articles and getting some photos color-separated. There are tons of other things that need to be accomplished for every issue. Not only do things need to be accomplished, but they must be on deadline, letter and picture-perfect. On top of all the technical and managerial issues there's the most important item, and that's the editorial process. You've pulled it all off . . . so to speak. You two have my gratitude for your continued efforts. More than likely it has been a series of thankless efforts from many who read the passed-on copies of your magazine. They just don't understand the morality issues—in their own life and in the world of small business. Just because these guys are dealing with sexual situations they feel it's acceptable to bury all the moral issues together in one pile. It results in these guys keeping borrowed copies of CR hidden and out of casual view of family and friends. God forbid they pay for something they may also have a struggle dealing with as an acceptable adult male behavior. Writing a check to you guys is admitting what they are. I don't support impervious editorial statements—like those of the *Washington Post* (thank God CR doesn't exhibit this). Your magazine is young enough to have a reputation for not being too closed-minded about other's opinions. It's called respect. Whatever happens, don't let the jerks out there get you down. You deserve the platform and forum you created. It belongs to you and should reflect your personalities for as long as possible. Most of these guys have no idea what you had to go through to get this platform and keep it standing. CR has the kind of philosophy about the lifestyle that is both reasonable and practical. I find it refreshing. A.E./Washington, DC

**GREETINGS FROM THE FROZEN NORTH**

I've recently received my second issue of your wonderful publication. I only wish I could have known about CR from the start of your endeavor. I feel I have lost this many years in my search for a permanent partner. Not that I have not tried the usual marketplace: bars, recreation clubs and so on. The numbers are just not here in the frozen north to yield the right man who wants to live in the warm Southwest U.S. as I do. I have vacation toured in your lovely Southwest climate many times, but it has not allowed me proper time to develop contacts. CR will be my contact avenue. You people obviously enjoy doing your publication. You not only produce a quality product, but you keep it marketplace-specific and still manage to bring it off in a format which indicates you are aware that your readers are reasonably intelligent. So many ways today, the average citizen is assailed by political or retail advertising that assumes the man in the street is a dummy, incapable of rational thought. CR is a breath of fresh air in that respect. Thank you very much, gentlemen. I love "Coach Biggs" by QUETZAL. I have been a 49ers fan since Joe Montana came on board (1980-81, I believe). I have always loved white-haired grandfatherly types and spent many years conjuring up beautiful sexual fantasies involving Coach Bill Walsh and his superstar quarterback, Smoky Joe M. Coach Biggs is an excellent subtlety along this line. My only anxiety: when will sexy old Coach Biggs get his? BUD TWO from San Diego, your model in #50, is my dream come true, visually. If he's soft-spoken and has an easygoing personality, he'll melt me. ZIPPER on the front cover is absolutely gorgeous, but obviously taken care of in the partner aspect. I look forward to future issues of CR. B.R./British Columbia

### ARE P.O. BOXES SAFE?

I would definitely take out a subscription except that I cannot receive this type of mail at home. Please advise in one of your future issues if a P.O. box is safe to receive CR or if it can create a problem for me. I would rent a box if I could receive all or your back issues. Anonymous

*CR is not pornographic and has never been confiscated by the U.S. Postal Inspector. We do not sell, trade, give away or show anyone our mailing lists. Hundreds of our subscribers are married men with P.O. boxes. PHC*

### STARTING OUT AT 58

I have been a closet fan of mature men for a long time and an open admirer only a short time. For a number of years I didn't realize, and then refused to admit to myself, my feelings and desires regarding mature men. Your magazine, in my opinion, was the catalyst that brought my subconscious feeling and desires to the surface where I can deal with them and ultimately enjoy them. For this, I sincerely thank you! Being single, a neophyte, somewhat shy, and 58 years old, I felt I was beyond the point in life where I could establish new and significant friendships or companionships. The articles, ads and letters in CR have shown me there is a possibility of a friendship with someone other than my right hand. Fantasy is a wonderful substitute only when reality is not available. Perhaps you or a reader can tell me if there are places in the San Francisco Bay Area where mature men meet to socialize, or if there is a male nudist group that would be interested in a sincere neophyte. I have inquired locally in places I know to be gay-oriented, but their recommendations are more suitable for the younger set or the bar scene, neither of which interest me. I am sure I am not the only late-bloomer in your audience. Are you planning future articles that would be beneficial for us, such as how to contact local social or support groups and/or organizations so we can become actively involved in the lifestyle and possibly meet men with similar interests? If you have previously published such information, is it possible to obtain copies? You are providing a tremendous service and I am anxiously awaiting your upcoming issue. By the way, I really like the new logo. It is both distinctive and attractive. S.R./San Francisco Bay Area

*Contact G Forty Plus Club, P.O. Box 426741, San Francisco, CA 94142-6741, (415) 552-1997. The club is an affiliate of PRIME TIMERS. For those wishing to find similar organizations in other major cities, contact Woody Baldwin, International Organizer and Coordinator, PRIME TIMERS, P.O. Box 436, Manchaca, TX 78652 - (512) 282-2861.*

### THE CR MOVEMENT

The stars and the other celestial bodies that are uniquely yours are now positioning themselves to fuel one well-deserved success after the other for the two of you. Seven lean years are behind you. Ahead are the good years. Successes: you shower your happy fans and readers with a continuous flow of appealing and appetizing CR magazines; you produce unique novels that stun and tickle the readers; and now a group of invigorated and grateful guests are pleasantly recovering from the most charming and genuine get-together, if only too brief, this writer has ever attended. Nearly one hundred guests had accepted your invitation, and they brought glamor to a festive House of a Thousand Flowers. One hundred is just too many to fathom in an afternoon, and, yes, I did miss boats and opportunities. Everybody felt so welcome, so much at home in this congenial company that this gathering might very well be the beginning of the "Chiron Rising Movement." Perhaps there will be larger, annual conventions in cities like San Francisco, New York, San Antonio and New Orleans. These are my predictions after having seen the glory of this gathering of virile and handsome gentlemen on top of a mountain, not at midnight but at the time of the day when the sun dials were pointing at high noon. The fact that so many showed up from near and far away places proved that you are loved, that you have chiseled out of the mature, male population a refined group of people with inner values and glorious facades—men that you have presented and made popular, helping many to be recognized and experience true love for the first time in their lives. You gave us a chance to meet and fraternize. We appreciated the initiative, and we were happy to attend. A brief encounter it was. Was it real, or was it just a dream? Perhaps a dream come true: in 1992, the expression "family values" has become a meaningless and ridiculous cliché, mostly because exactly those who claim to generate and represent such values often do not qualify. Our gathering showed that the CR family is as good as any with its camaraderie, its manifestation of friendship, love, and compassion. I also wish to commend PAPA BEAR and BABY BEAR for providing their home as the beautiful setting for this great event, also for their spending hundreds of hours to make this great success possible. To me it was a great privilege to be included in this convergence of the core of the CR family. So far, I am a "no-show" in the CR galleries. I therefore find it appropriate, as a share-taker rather than a giver, to thank all models, artists, and writers for all that they have done and are doing to lift the CR magazine to its present high standard. All of them have helped the founders to pioneer a magazine of a type that did not previously exist in the western world, yet was so eagerly awaited by millions of mature men. These beautiful and genuine members of the CR community and its creative group fill page after page with mature masculinity in all its variations and glory. Talented and skillful writers of fiction and nonfiction point out to us that the CR society is a real world. They prove that below the glossy surface of, for instance, AARP's *Modern Maturity*, there is yet another world, by that publication unaccounted for, a world filled with mature and even "old" men and an amazing number of young admirers. While the gaymain groups are growing out of their age brackets of interest, the CR followers are growing into theirs. That's the big difference and a good foundation for security and happiness for all members of the CR society. In our group the word "old" has been put on hold; we are part of a world that is still vibrant and viable, full of ore of the golden years, ready to be discovered, mined, and refined. Dear Pat and The Friar. By contriving this delightful idea of a CR gathering and hinting that it might be an annual event, you have initiated yet another facet of the potential CR movement. Maybe it wasn't only your stars that were right. The timing was right in general. Our time, the CR family's time is here. You have succeeded. More successes are awaiting. You have raised the curtain for Act Two, "Morning of the second seven-year period . . . " May the play begin. Love, THE VIKING

*Some "no-show." THE VIKING sent me at least 12 books on every aspect of creative writing and insisted that I carefully read them all, which I did. He even refused compensation for the books. Insisting that I cut, slash and re-write until I got it right, he edited and re-edited SANCTUM and ZONES, then co-edited KNOWING SATURN with Charlie Chiarelli. He was (and still is) relentless and even ruthless with a red pen, but he got me there. And for that, he will always be loved and cherished. PHC*

# COACH BIGGS

by QUETZAL

HOLY SHIT! HERE'S A BODYBUILDER WITH A 60-INCH CHEST!
MAY
Can you guess
BIGGS, WHY TH' HELL D'YOU KEEP READIN' THOSE FAG MAGAZINES?!
AW DIXON, LAY OFF...
A REAL MAN HAS NO INTEREST IN PICTURES OF "PRETTIES IN POSING STRAPS"!
MUSCLE FIENDS
...UNLESS, OF COURSE, THEY'RE BREAKING NEW GROUND IN THE, UH, SCIENCE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE! JEEZ, THAT TRAPEZIUS IS IN-CRED-IBLE!
NOT A BAD DELTOID, EITHER!
MUSCLE FIENDS
©QUETZAL 1986

QUETZAL, 40, is a very bright and attractive artist who lives with his senior lover (and previous CR model) in West Hollywood. A cofounder of CR, he's one of our most prolific contributors.

# DACHSHUND and CHARLES

**(with friends)**

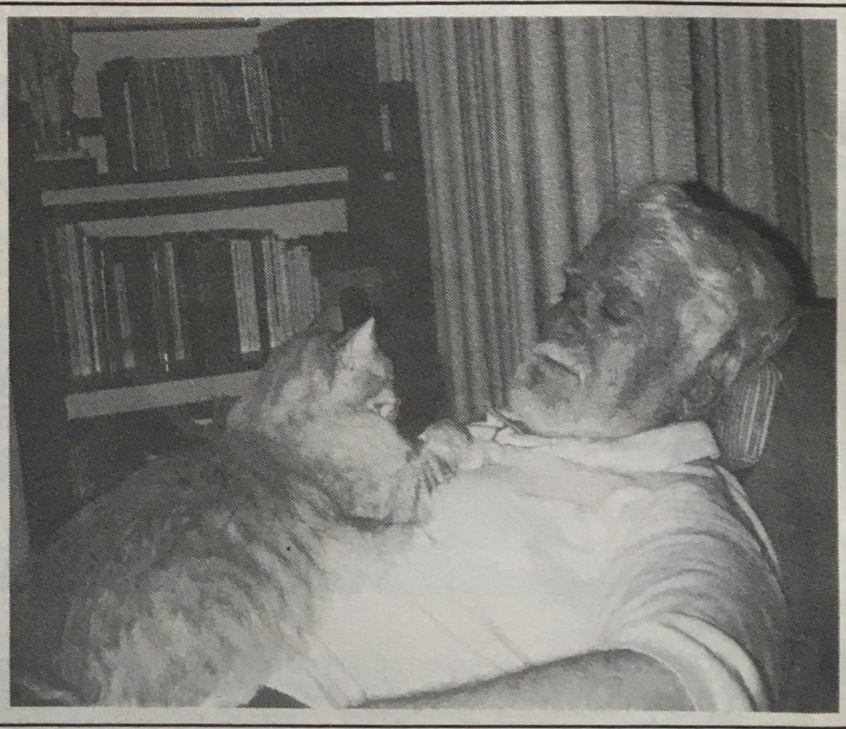
**photo by KEITH**

He's 58, single and versatile. CHARLES likes WS, shaving, spanking, enemas and French A & P. He's bottom in bed, but equal in all other ways.

# DON'T CALL *THESE* KIDS "ANIMALS"

## GATO and GIRAFFE

**photo by BOBBY**

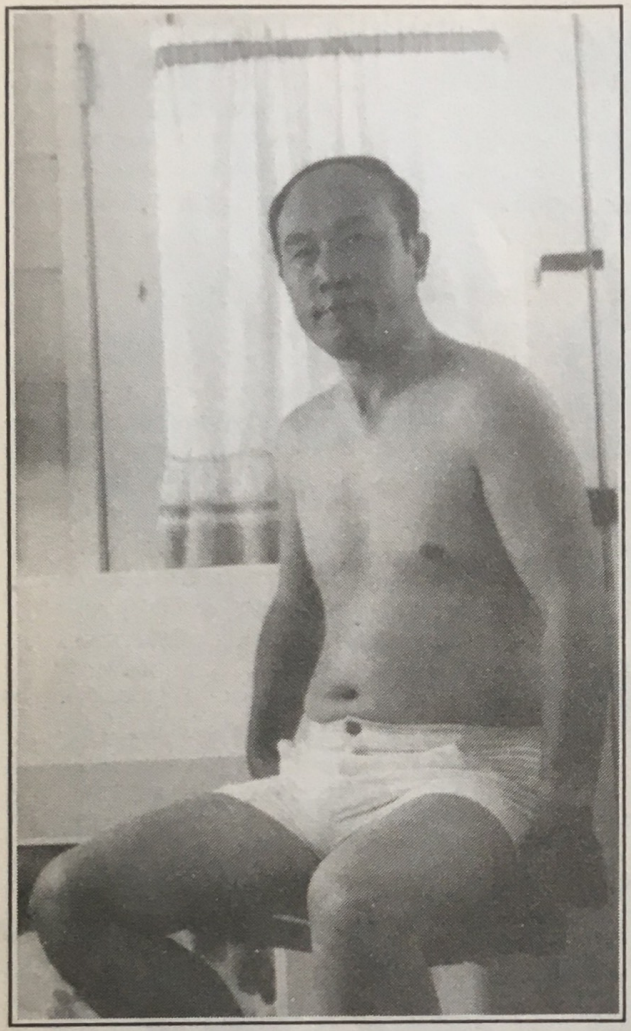


(See writer GIRAFFE's profile on page 35)

# THE ARTWORK OF ROMERO

ROMERO is a 28-year-old Mexican-American, Tucson native, industrial painter and art student. He's also hell on wheels with a sketch pad. He seeks no correspondence right now, but he might be willing to sell some of his originals. Contact CR.

# SO THAT'S WHAT THEY LOOK LIKE!



**Artist SAM II**

**a self portrait**

SAM is a 49-year-old professional watercolor artist of Japanese descent. He lives in Southern California. We published a drawing by SAM in Issue #51, but his most breathtaking work published by CR so far is the watercolor masterpiece on the back cover of special issue # 41

**Writer KOOKABURRA**

**photo by GABRIEL**

(See KOOKABURRA's profile on page 17)

# BRIEFS

### FOR REAL MEN WHO LIKE THEIR MEN REAL!

announces *HUSKY* Magazine on its cover. In CR Issue #46, EXOCET wrote an article profiling all the magazines that may appeal to mature readers and admirers. Unfortunately, he'd not read a copy of *HUSKY* and couldn't say very much about it. Well, we've read a few copies, and we think it's pretty hot. Digest size like *DADDY* and *BIG AD*, it has 64 pages of masculine-looking models, J.O. fiction, personal ads, and reviews/ads of videos which many of our readers might be interested in (they distribute videos, too, and one is reviewed in this issue). *HUSKY* is designed for one-handed reading and is as good as that of any of the other soft porn magazines. The models are mostly younger (20s thru 40s), but unlike so many of the other magazines, they come in every shape and degree of body hair. Something for everyone. The ads clearly indicate a good mix of ages, including a network of older and older admirers, so the magazine is definitely mature-friendly. *HUSKY* should reach a sizeable audience if it can take off and soar like *BEAR* and *DADDY*. See their ad in this issue.

### WHERE CAN WE GET THE VIDEO?

Unfortunately, we were caught off guard and weren't able to record PBS's June 24th airing of *THE LOST LANGUAGE OF CRANES*, a BBC adaptation of David Leavitt's novel. We did see it, however, and were quite moved by the presentation, in spite of the bull shit criticism (by *Time* Magazine) that the transposition of the locale from New York to London somehow undercut the work's emotional force. Had the emotional force been stronger, I don't think we could have stood it. It's the story of a young man who abruptly comes out to his mother and father with disastrous results. "I just didn't think it was fair for you not to know such an important part of my life," the young man says. As the father cries quietly (turns out he's gay, too, in a self-loathing, discreet way) the mother, the one who loses the most, says, "Keeping certain secrets secret is important to the general balance of life." I'm not sure if the author or director intended for the story to center upon or glorify the coming out of the young man, but I consider the father and mother the most important characters and feel that the young man was merely a catalyst who obliviously goes skipping off into the gay night, unable to grasp the devastation he's caused. I won't give away the ending, but I will admit that I fell in love with the father character, played by a stocky, extremely attractive, middle-aged British actor. I also had great compassion for the mother character. If this movie is ever released on video, we'll review it in depth. According to our local PBS station, KCET, there are no immediate plans to re-air it. Perhaps our English readers could contact BBC to see if they have plans to release it on video. Maybe we could even launch a letter-writing campaign to PBS to get it aired again.

### THE AFRICAN PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

At the recent Eighth International AIDS Conference in Amsterdam, a 26-year-old woman from Zambia named Rose Nalungwe eloquently expressed the human side of what is happening all over the world. To an audience of hushed delegates, she had the following message for the wealthier countries: "I leave you with the African philosophy of life, which I believe has sustained many of the faceless numbers within this epidemic: Fears shared are fears lessened; problems shared are problems reduced; pain shared is pain lessened. Together we can make the world less vulnerable to AIDS, and together in the future we will find solutions which will lessen fear, pain and death." *[Shared by CR writer, FLORES]*

### A BEACON FOR GAY CHRISTIANS

A new bimonthly magazine called *CHRISTUS OMNIBUS* has hit the streets. "Our purpose is not so much evangelism as to reach out to gays and lesbians who have been alienated by the Christian Church," says Michael Lawrence, publisher. "So many members of our community don't realize that there are hundreds of churches out there which welcome us into full membership and participation." Only after a great deal of aggravation and painful experience was Lawrence, himself a former Roman Catholic, finally able to reconcile his sexuality with Christianity. "Through our efforts we hope to help others avoid having to go through this. Our primary goal is to eliminate homophobia within the Christian Church." *CHRISTUS OMNIBUS* made its debut on August 1st and featured an illuminating interview with the Reverend Troy Perry, founder of the Metropolitan Community Churches. Each issue will include a Religious Resource Directory, the largest and most complete directory of its kind, which lists hundreds of churches and religious organizations which welcome gay and lesbian members. The handsome magazine has twenty-eight 10" X 13" glossy pages and a color cover. Available at book stores, newsstands, libraries and paid circulation. For more information, contact *CHRISTUS OMNIBUS*, 146 E. Duarte Rd., Suite 213, Arcadia, CA 91006, or telephone (818) 287-5744.

### HOW GOES THE GAY RIGHTS MOVEMENT?

Not too well, according to the figures in a recent *Time* Magazine's "VOX POP" poll. To the question, "Are homosexual relationships between consenting adults morally wrong?" 54% said YES and 39% said NO in May '92. In April '78, 53% said YES and 38% said NO. As a subscriber said recently, "If we don't positively change the heterosexual perception of gay people, then we won't get jackshit." Read EXOCET's column in this issue.

### WHAT THE HELL DOES THIS NUMBER MEAN ON MY ADDRESS LABEL?

Occasionally we have to repeat this explanation for the new readers. Let's say that the code 6/93 S V (C) is on your label. This means that the last issue of your subscription will be mailed to you around the first of June, 1993. The "S" signifies that you will get all special issues in the interim. The "V" indicates that you are a VIP because of your outstanding support and/or generosity (you have been a subscribers for over two years and/or have donated a gift subscription to someone unable to pay) and will be remembered in ways we cannot divulge here. The "(C)" means that you have overpaid somewhere down the line and are due a credit. Conversely, if there is an asterisk (*) there instead of a (C), it means that you owe us money. Ignore any other symbols. Internal stuff.

## DOING AWAY WITH PROSTATE SURGERY?

The good news: Merck & Co. announced it won approval from the Food and Drug Administration for a new drug, Proscar, that can shrink prostates without surgery. This could mean great news for the 10 million mostly senior American men who suffer from enlargement of the prostate, a condition which brings frequent and sometimes painful urination and is usually treated by the surgical removal of the prostate. Since surgery carries the risk of impotence and loss of bladder control, it's no wonder that the news is so exciting.

The bad news: Only one-third of the subjects in clinical trials showed a clear benefit from taking Proscar, while another third showed limited improvement. The balance showed no improvement at all. Also, Proscar can interfere with a blood test (PSA) that is widely used for early detection of prostate cancer, so doctors have to be doubly alert. But in light of the horrors of prostate surgery, Proscar could mean good news for patients, not to mention big profits for Merck. *[Source: Time Magazine, July 6, 1992]*

## GOOD NEWS FOR DIABETICS

Scandia National Labs has developed a new sensor for testing blood sugar. The device painlessly sends a powerful infrared light through a fingertip, whereupon the light analyzes the exact composition of the blood flowing through the finger, including the exact percentage of sugar. This will mean great news for diabetics who have to constantly prick their fingers, dab blood on a test stick, then measure their blood sugar with little meters that scan and determine the sugar content. *[Source: Time Magazine, July 6, 1992]*

## HEART ATTACK

According to the American Heart Association, 1.5 million Americans have a heart attack each year, and about 20% of them die before reaching a hospital. If proper medical treatment is administered within 60 minutes of the event, the odds for surviving improve dramatically and the likelihood of serious damage to heart tissue decreases. Since 70 percent of heart attacks occur in the home, it is imperative that you and your mate or roommate know the answers to a few simple questions:

1. *How can a heart attack be distinguished from severe heartburn?* A heart attack is usually accompanied by a crushing pressure or a burning sensation in the chest that may be mistaken for severe heartburn. The pain may radiate to the shoulders or arms, as well as to the neck, jaw, pit of the stomach or back. Dizziness, nausea, vomiting, weakness, sweating, pale or bluish-grey skin, shortness of breath, and faintness are also common, and the victim may feel clammy to the touch. The symptoms can occur in any combination and can range from mild to severe. A person may also have a sense of impending doom or a vague feeling that something isn't right. Heart attack symptoms appear to become more subtle with age. In persons over 70, a sudden change in mental alertness may be the only clue. If in doubt, don't deny the possibility of a heart attack.

2. *What are the first things to do when a heart attack is suspected?*

a) Call 911 and tell the dispatcher that you have a possible heart attack in progress. Don't take a wait-and-see approach, because the risk of death is highest within the first two hours after an attack. And since it may take at least an hour for hospital personnel to perform an electrocardiogram and other tests necessary to confirm a heart attack, delays in reaching the emergency room could close the six-hour therapeutic window during which medications that dissolve clots and limit damage to heart muscle work best. Try to enlist a neighbor to unlock gates, wait outside to direct the ambulance crew, keep the elevator on standby on the first floor, etc. Call the victim's doctor.

b) Give the victim an aspirin tablet to chew on to help thin the blood and limit the size of the clot that's causing the problem. (Note: Do not give aspirin to someone who is allergic to same or who is being treated for a bleeding ulcer.) If the victim takes nitroglycerine, use both medications. Place a nitro tablet under the tongue every five minutes (usually not more than three) until the pain subsides or the paramedics arrive. Loosen tight clothing such as neckties and belts, and help the person to recline, propped up by pillows. Keep the victim calm. Agitation increases the likelihood of life-threatening arrhythmia, so use a reassuring tone of voice, hold hands and engage the victim in deep breathing exercises until help arrives.

c) If the victim loses consciousness, try to rouse them by gently shaking the shoulder and asking in a loud voice to respond. If there is no response, be prepared to administer CPR. The ABCs of this process are opening and maintaining an *AIRWAY*, providing artificial respiration with mouth-to-mouth *BREATHING*, and applying compression on the chest to create artificial *CIRCULATION* in order to provide blood and oxygen to the heart, lungs, brain and other organs. If the victim stops breathing but the heart continues to pump, initiate A and B. If the victim's heart stops beating, initiate A, B and C. Unless blood flow is reestablished within four minutes, irreversible brain damage occurs and the victim usually dies. CPR can't keep someone alive indefinitely, but it buys time until the emergency crew arrives. If you live with and/or care about a senior or someone at risk of a heart attack, you owe it to them to learn CPR. Even if you haven't taken the four-hour course, at least learn the basics. If your lifemate/roommate's heart stops beating and you do nothing, they will die, because paramedics can rarely arrive in less than four minutes. If you give your best attempt at CPR, however, you could keep that person alive until the paramedics arrive. Contact the American Heart Association, the American Red Cross, your local YMCA or hospital to find out how to get CPR training.

d) If you are alone and think you are having a heart attack, call 911, summon help from a neighbor, take aspirin and/or nitro as per the above, remain calm, and make yourself accessible to the neighbor and paramedics by unlocking doors. If you feel a fluttering sensation in your heart or perceive that you are losing consciousness, *cough* forcefully and constantly. Your heart could be experiencing ventricular fibrillation, which could lead to cardiac arrest, and the coughing acts as a sort of self-induced CPR.

3. *How can I insure that I will get the best care possible at the hospital?* By planning for just such an emergency.

a) Find out from your doctor which hospitals in your area are best equipped to handle cardiac emergencies, and make this information known to paramedics.

b) Keep an up-to-date list of prescriptions; a summary of allergies and other treatment-limiting factors; a copy of an electrocardiogram (if abnormal); and an abbreviated medical history for the person at risk, and take this with you to the hospital. Such information could save doctors precious minutes as they choose a course of treatment.

*[Sources: Harvard Health Letter, August, 1992; AMA Family Medical Guide; KNBC's HEALTH FAX]*

**DIAGNOSING ALZHEIMER'S DISEASE**

Although a definitive diagnosis of Alzheimer's disease can only be made by means of microscopic analysis of brain tissue, qualified clinicians can identify most patients with mild to moderate forms of the illness through the process of elimination using neurological and psychological exams and tests of mental abilities. Rapidly improving magnetic resonance imaging (MRI) techniques can identify a very high percentage of Alzheimer's patients in experimental studies, and advanced MRI machines produce three-dimensional images which, when used with computer programs, analyze them with very high accuracy. These images are almost like being able to examine a slice of brain tissue under a microscope, and it's just a matter of time when it will become the primary diagnostic tool.

Early signs of Alzheimer's disease include difficulties remembering recent events or performing familiar tasks. An adult with normal, age-related memory deficiency may forget the name of one of his brother's children, while an Alzheimer's patient will forget the name of a regularly seen friend. A healthy middle-aged man might not recall events of ten years ago, but a man with Alzheimer's may not remember how to find his way home from the grocery store.

One should never attempt self-diagnosis. Any substantive changes in memory ought to be brought to the attention of your doctor for evaluation. After all, it could mean something more acutely dangerous than Alzheimer's disease.

*[Source: Harvard Health Letter, July, 1992]*

# A WARNING

Every year we receive a few letters accusing some of our advertisers of all kinds of dirty deeds. To our relief, most of these charges are groundless and are no doubt dreamed up by a jealous acquaintance or ex-lover of the accused. In the absence of proof and/or multiple complaints, we do not get involved. Recently, however, we received some very serious charges of fraud and deceit allegedly committed by two OLDER long-time subscribers and advertisers. Circumstances surrounding these charges have convinced us that they are valid.

Since no criminal charges have been filed, we can't elaborate on these specific incidents, but we can give you some general advice relative to bestowing your love and trust upon someone you don't know very well.

1. Regardless of how infatuated you are, don't pull up stakes and move in with a man you've met only once. We know of three guys who found out the hard way . . . with the same man. He "collects" people, uses them, then discards them.

2. If you feel that you've fallen in love with a man, calmly explore your inner feelings. If you have absolutely no doubts, then he's probably your future lifemate. If you feel anxious (a warning from your gut) and/or if either of you are very jealous (a form of insecurity), then he's probably not for you. Relationships with abusive and potentially dangerous men can start out this way, so beware. We know men who became trapped in situations like this.

3. If someone exposes himself as something less than admirable (commonly referred to as an asshole), get thee away from him and stay away. Some of our readers are so good-natured, trusting and forgiving (and, yes, *horny*) that they unwittingly allow themselves to be used a second time by the same man. One subscriber is so forgiving that he allowed himself to be bilked out of $3,000 by a man who had treated him very badly a couple of years earlier. Contrary to what many "armchair psychiatrists" may say, these gentle souls are neither masochistic nor stupid. They are merely naive.

4. Don't be so desperate that you allow yourself to fall in love by mail. Granted, it miraculously works sometimes, but most of the time it doesn't. Body chemistry is an integral part of romantic attraction, and it cannot be properly sensed without a physical meeting. A letter and photo just can't project it adequately. The danger in falling in love like this is that you are more apt to send money when told a sob story. And there are thousands of con artists out there, writing heart-tugging letters to thousands of advertisers in hundreds of magazines.

If you feel that you have been defrauded or deceived by someone you met through CR, we want to know about it. Rest assured, your privacy will be protected. We aren't trying to be policemen, but we have a good reputation to protect and do have viable options. You'd be surprised what one can find out and accomplish by calling a distant police department and identifying himself as a magazine publisher.

The overwhelming majority of our advertisers and models are decent, compassionate men, but do not be misled. We cannot screen our models and advertisers. *Anyone* can be a CR model or advertiser, and criminals routinely prey upon lonely people. But here's the most disturbing part of all: Except for inmate scams, most fraud reported to us has been at the hands of *older men against younger men.*

Crooks come in all ages, so beware.

P.H. Colley

**AND SPEAKING OF INMATES**

There are a lot of prisoners who aren't into scams and who sincerely want to establish contact with the outside world. Many will be getting out of prison eventually, so it behooves them to make contacts on the outside. Unfortunately, too many inmates indiscreetly share letters and copies of magazines, allowing the scam artists to add to their list of potential victims. If you want to correspond with inmates, don't inadvertently give them an inventory of all your valuables and your address. Be discreet with everyone until you know them well.

# AN OPEN LETTER TO THE THIRD ANNUAL GATHERING OF INDEPENDENT CATHOLIC CHRISTIANS ON SEPTEMBER 26, 1992

## by FATHER J.E. PAUL BRETON, RECTOR, ST. AELRED'S PARISH, SAN BERNARDINO, CALIFORNIA

**In response to the article "Vatican Statement Supports Discrimination Against Gays" - Los Angeles Times, July 17, 1992**

The world in which we live is beset by difficulties, alienation and separation, hostility and antagonism. More specifically of concern to the Gay and Lesbian population is the growth of vitriolic slander perpetrated by the religious and political right against Gay men and Lesbian women. Under the euphemism of "law and order" in the 1960s, white racists hid their real agenda of segregation, separation, and racial alienation. In the 1990s, under the seemingly kind euphemism of "family values" is hidden the agenda of terror against all nonconformists in American culture, not only Gay men and Lesbian women.

The position of the Vatican is one of profound concern for the protection of human life and welfare.

The Roman Catholic Church is dependent upon the Aristotelian-Thomistic process of reasoning. It is first of all interesting to note that Aristotle, whose philosophy played so heavy a role in the Summa Theologica of St. Thomas Aquinas, was a homosexual. Secondly, a prime principle of this process of reasoning is that something cannot "be" and "not be" at the same time.

Pope John Paul II has often spoken strongly in favor of human rights. Having himself suffered the tyranny of Nazi occupation, the demoralization of war in his own nation, and the gross inhibitions of a Marxist dictatorship, he should be acutely aware of human rights. It is not possible to favor human rights and not favor human rights at the same time. Either all human beings are entitled to the protection of all human rights through civil law and the moral persuasion of the institutions of society, or no human beings are entitled to the protection of all human rights. There can be no selection process. If it be true that one group of persons may be arbitrarily excluded from certain protections, from specific employment, housing, educational and medical entitlements, then the issue of human rights and their empowerment through civil law becomes moot.

The Vatican has described homosexual orientation as an objective disorder. By implication, the Vatican accepts the position that homosexuals as persons are objectively disordered merely by virtue of their sexual orientation. Sexual orientation is as inherent to a person's totality as a human being as race, ethnicity, and other deeply embedded genetic and cultural phenomena. Statements of this sort are common to those institutions which have, seek to have or are afraid of losing power and control. This statement is a position of dehumanizing a group of people. It is no less a dehumanizing position than that of social hygiene in Nazi Germany which addressed Jews, Gypsies and Slavs as *untermenchen* (less than human). By dehumanizing a group of people, implied "permission" is granted to do damage to persons within that community on the basis of the state principle of dehumanization.

Nazi Germany dehumanized the Jew, Gypsy, Slav and homosexual. The Soviet Union and its satellites dehumanized the Jew, the bourgeois capitalist, the religious believer and the homosexual. The Serbs dehumanize the Croats, Catholics, Jews, Moslems and the homosexual. The Vatican has sided with the false prophets of "family values" to dehumanize the homosexual.

The statement goes on to say, "The Church has the responsibility to promote the public morality of the entire civil society on the basis of fundamental moral values." In American society, with its treasured position of the non-establishment of religion, each religious body has the same responsibility and duty. A significant moral value particularly inbred in the constitutional makeup of American society is the acknowledgment and protection of those necessary human rights to which all people without exception are entitled. Whenever any group is recognized as being less deserving, then the fundamental moral principle of human rights is devoid of truth and value.

My denomination is an independent Catholic body which offers an apostolate of affirmation and support for Gay men, Lesbian women, persons who are HIV affected, and persons in 12-Step recovery programs. We believe firmly and unequivocally in human rights and the protection thereof. We also recognize that the institutions of society, including the church, have a great moral responsibility and protection of those rights. Our faith in the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ commands nothing less.

We affirm the work of New Ways Ministry. We deplore the attempt by the Vatican to control the decision-making processes of the bishops of the United States. We are grateful to the courageous positions of faith taken by the former Archbishop of Connecticut and the Bishop of Hawaii in favor of human rights for the Gay man and Lesbian woman. We are terrified by the positions of those bishops who endorse the Vatican's policy under the euphemism of "family values."

Fortunately, most American Roman Catholics have gotten to learn that they can think for themselves, regardless of what the Vatican thinks. We encourage all of them to pursue their faith in this manner. Gay men and Lesbian women in America need also to understand that merely because the Vatican has dehumanized us does not mean that all of Christendom has dehumanized us. On a trip to Rome this past February, a Carmelite priest remarked, with perhaps more wisdom than he realized, that the Holy Spirit must indeed be with the Roman Catholic Church because the Church has survived in spite of itself.

*Father Paul Breton, 51, is Rector of St. Aelred's Parish of the Sarum Episcopal Church, a Catholic denomination which has no affiliation with the Roman Catholic or Episcopal Churches. The primary purpose of the Sarum Episcopal Church is to offer a ministry of affirmation and support for Lesbian woman, Gay men, and bisexual men and women. Ministry is extended to the families, relatives, friends and associates of those who are Gay, Lesbian or bisexual. The parish also offers a ministry of affirmation and support for persons whose lives are affected by HIV infection and, in a 12-Step context, for people whose lives are affected by substance abuse, along with their families, relatives, friends and caregivers. St. Aelred's Parish is on the Southwest corner of 16th and "D" Streets in San Bernardino, accessible by bus and I-215.*

# THE CULINARY DELIGHTS OF KOOKABURRA

Students in my cooking classes are constantly requesting more fish dishes. Most fish eaters know the benefits of eating fish: high protein, low sodium, low fat, an abundance of vitamins and minerals that contribute to good health and energy. Whether fresh, frozen, canned or processed, today's cook can combine fish in many ways to suit almost any palate.

A nourishing main dish for a quick lunch is this delicate pancake creation:

Salmon Cheese Cakes
(makes about 8 cakes)

1-16 oz. can salmon, drained, liquid reserved
1 egg, beaten
1 lb. cream-style cottage cheese
1/4 cup all-purpose flour
1/2 teaspoon dill weed (optional)
1/4 teaspoon salt
freshly ground pepper

Thoroughly blend egg and cottage cheese. Mix in flaked salmon and combine with the remaining ingredients. Drop mixture by tablespoonfuls onto a hot, well-greased griddle or heavy skillet, forming 3" to 3-1/2" cakes. Flatten slightly with spatula and cook slowly about 5 minutes on each side until golden. Serve hot with sour cream sauce.

Sour Cream Sauce

Reserved salmon liquid
1 cup sour cream
1 teaspoon lemon juice

Combine all ingredients. Serve cold or slightly heated over hot water.

Another fish in plentiful supply is scrod (a young cod).

Broiled Scrod
(serves two)

1 lb. scrod
1/4 cup melted butter
1/4 teaspoon salt
1/8 teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon chopped parsley

Split fish down the back and remove backbone. Mix remaining ingredients and hold aside in a small bowl. Place fish on broiler rack, skin side down. Brush with butter mixture. Place under broiler with top of fish 2" from heat; broil 3 to 4 minutes. Turn fish, brush with butter mixture; broil 3 to 4 minutes longer, or until fish flakes easily. Mix drippings with any remaining butter mixture and pour over the fish.

The same method and sauce may be used for Broiled Mackerel (increase the broiling time to 6 minutes per side, or until skin is brown and crisp) or Broiled Swordfish (use 1 slice—3/4" thick per serving).

To compliment the fish entree, vegetables and/or grains are the preferred accompaniment. A perfect pairing for the fish is potato. These may be boiled, steamed, fried, mashed or baked. They may be small or large, white or red, whole, chunked, sliced or diced. Only your taste will determine which way the potato is to be served.

Potatoes cooked in the microwave oven are quick and easy; they retain almost 100% of their vitamins and minerals when cooked without water. Peel 1-1/2 lbs. boiling potatoes, cut in chunks and place in cold water to prevent discoloration (some starch will be released). Place drained chunks in a circular pattern in a microwave-safe covered 2-quart casserole. Cook in a 650-700 watt microwave oven at full power for 10 minutes. Allow standing time of 2-1/2 minutes, covered, for potatoes to complete cooking. Serve hot.

Instead of potatoes, you may prefer steamed or boiled rice.

As a completion, serve a green vegetable as well. Asparagus, beans, Brussels sprouts or broccoli are just a few of the many choices. A buttery lemon sauce to add flavor, and you're set for a great meal.

*KOOKABURRA, author of 4 cook books, is an internationally renowned gourmet microwave chef who lives in Florida. Although retired, he still teaches classes for seniors. He's also a vocalist and master of ceremonies for a 4-piece band which entertains at retirement and nursing homes. He's friendly, loyal, and crazy about tall people. He's also a strict vegetarian.*

# CRUISING

## Poetry by RANDY DIX

There's a park in our area I visit a lot;
It has a small lake midst the trees.
The fishermen are, believe it or not,
More interested in "birds and the bees."

There I met a guy, much gray in his hair,
Tall, lean and reluctant to speak,
Stretched out in the shade with nary a care,
His manner extremely oblique.

He watched me approach him. I put on a smile
And asked him, "Sir, how are they biting?"
"Not too good," says he, "I've been here awhile
And not caught a dang thing exciting."

He tugged at his crotch and I tugged at mine;
Our eyes locked into a stare.
He picked up his rod and reeled in his line
And motioned and mumbled, "In there."

We climbed into his van, a musty old thing,
And worked our way back to his pad.
The zipper unzipped (he wore a cock ring),
In no time at all he was "had."

*RANDY DIX brings a good balance to the open relationship he has with his suave, debonaire housemate in Iowa. Both are 60 and enjoy meeting kindred spirits.*

# THE RAVINGS OF EXOCET

## BEASTS ON THE SIDELINES

Those of you who follow the gay media scene must know by now that Richard Rouilard, the moving force and guiding light behind the *Advocate*'s doubled circulation and new look, suddenly resigned as editor in chief on July 22, 1992. The rumors and speculation surrounding his unexpected and electrifying departure were just too much for the New York press, who obviously smelled a rat—especially after Rouilard announced afterward that he would never work for a gay magazine again. How ironic then that his departure from the gay media scene coincided with the *Advocate*'s cover story (Issue 609) entitled "Eating Our Own," an article about the burnout of many gay leaders who are tired of all the infighting, intense scrutiny and cutting criticism. Said then editor in chief, Richard Rouilard, in his "Comment" on page 6: "The beast is at the doorstep again." He was referring to the "voracious beasts on the sidelines" as war raged between NGRA and the Fund for Human Dignity—a war that collapsed both organizations fundraising abilities and caused the folding of both. The cover story writer, Robin Stevens, wonders: " . . . is the gay and lesbian movement threatening its very survival by turning its rage inward?"

For those of you who are into the "gay rights movement" and haven't read all the articles about Rouilard's resignation, I have tried to condense some of them for you. Read them and weep for your "movement."

*L.A. TIMES* - Garry Abrams' July 24th article sounded like a press release by Rouilard and didn't get into the controversial stuff. He quoted Publisher Niles Merton as saying that he had no idea why Rouilard resigned and was "kind of stunned."

*NEW YORK NEWSDAY* - The July 24th "Inside New York" column was short and had the punch of a hand grenade. The writer claimed that it was hard to get a straight answer out of anyone about Rouilard's resignation. The piece went on to state: "Sources tell us Rouilard and *Advocate* publisher Niles Merton had not been seeing eye-to-eye for some time, and that one of Merton's hires—a straight distribution chief—may have been the last straw. Rouilard, we're told, wasn't happy with hire Bud McSweeney, particularly after McSweeney fired a gay employee and replaced him with a straight one—his own son. That, we're told, angered Rouilard and other *Advocate* staffers. '[Merton is] giving carte blanche to a straight guy who is firing gays and hiring straight workers,' our source said."

*THE VILLAGE VOICE* - James Ledbetter, in his August 4th "Media Blitz" column, quoted *New York Newsday*'s report that Rouilard was angry over McSweeney's firing of a gay employee and replacing same with his straight son. (Actually, the son was hired as "sales representative" *before* the gay "sales manager" was let go, but that really doesn't make it any less rank.) After dropping another missile that I can't repeat here, Ledbetter went on to quote sources who said that the last straw for Rouilard came at an *Advocate*-sponsored party on the eve of the Democratic convention. According to the sources, Merton, a Ross Perot supporter, preempted Rouilard's scheduled speech before the journalist bigwigs in the room and insisted on pontificating in Rouilard's place. Ledbetter said that Rouilard wouldn't comment about the dinner party, but that he did cite "vast business differences [with Merton] as to how to handle the *Advocate*." By the way, McSweeney is PDC's National Circulation Director and is responsible for the distribution of the *Advocate* and "sister" magazines *Advocate Men, Fresh Men*, etc. PDC (an LPI division) was also responsible for the distribution of CR until a recent mysterious cancelling of their contract.

*NEW YORK TIMES* - Deirdre Carmody's August 11th column avoided the lurid gossip of the above articles. Instead she concentrated on the possible effects Rouilard's resignation could have on *The Advocate*'s future. The article quoted Rouilard: "I am afraid this fracas is doing very real damage to *The Advocate* and to the gay community. It is not good for the reputation of the magazine." As expected, Merton doesn't share such a bleak outlook. The article quotes Merton as saying that *The Advocate*'s circulation, which had been at 75,000 before the redesign, was now approaching 120,000, although that number had not been independently verified. Merton said the magazine would seek to be audited by the Audit Bureau of Circulations next year. Merton: "Our reasonable conservative guess is that our market limit is 250,000 and we would like to be halfway there by the middle of next year." He went on to say that the *Advocate* had spent a quarter of a million dollars on its redesign and that the magazine was showing a profit. But he declined to give figures.

*QW* - Faye Penn's August 16th article entitled "WHEN QUEENS COLLIDE - *The* Advocate*'s Dysfunctional Family Falls Out*." is a two-page scorcher! Penn got into the heart of the feud and did an in-depth profile on the real Richard Rouilard, including all he'd done to transform the *Advocate* from "a tired dog of a magazine" to a glossy bi-weekly whose unveiling "nearly eclipsed the emergence of two national gay glossies, the bimonthly *Genre* and the quarterly *Out*." She went into much more detail about what happened at that dinner party on the eve of the Democratic National Convention. Penn's article gives me the impression that Rouilard is a genius who is sometimes quite volatile and hard to get along with. According to her sources, Rouilard had—and still has—his share of enemies at the big A. But the most fascinating element in Penn's article is that mysterious, anonymous fax which was received by dozens of gay and mainstream publications across the country. The fax lambasted Rouilard and even included pilfered interoffice memos allegedly written by Merton and Rouilard which revealed a long-standing feud. Penn says, "The detailed and sometimes vicious nature of the anonymous fax tantalized many in the publishing world and horrified some others." She says that some media people speculated that the anonymous fax was sent by Merton himself, but the publisher refuses comment. "Despite the flurry of faxes sent out across the country, Merton has since imposed a company-wide gag-order that keeps many aspects of the *Advocate*'s current situation mysterious," Penn says.

*QW*, a lesbian and gay magazine out of New York isn't holding on to their own top people either, according to the *Village Voice*'s Ledbetter, who says that a coeditor was fired in August. "She was the second top-ranking woman to leave in a month," he said.

Of course, there are more articles, and there will be more still. There is still a fiery *Washington Blade* article I haven't seen yet, and I hear that a gay San Francisco newspaper did a story, too. But something is odd here. I find it very strange that only the mainstream publications picked up on the alleged nepotism by a straight man within such a "nouveau queer"

environment as that of LPI and the *Advocate*. I wonder why? Does the gay press not consider this rather shitty if true? Are the recipients of the Advocate's Annual Sissy Awards *more loathsome*?

Those of you who've read CR's Issue #44 know what I think of Rouilard and the *Advocate*. In Rouilard's "Comment" in the Advocate's issue 609, he states, "Our greatest task now is to try to understand, to tolerate, to trust each other a little. We must. We have precious little in common. We are Republicans, Democrats, rich, poor, black, white, brown, yellow, men, and women . . . "

Notice that he didn't include, " . . . young, old, closeted, out . . . "

And that, my friends, is why the radical gay rights activists are dining upon one another and why the gay rights movement is doomed. They're losing the war because their base isn't broad enough—the numbers just aren't there. They have excluded too many people from their little club and have gone way too far to the left. They are NOT everywhere like they scream at Gay Pride parades.

I'm older, heavy and closeted. Once . . . twice . . . three times an ogre. The most hurtful oppression I've ever known has been at the hands of openly gay clones.

From the ashes of the burnouts, infighting carnage and a Republican-condoned, homophobic backlash, perhaps there will emerge a smarter gay rights coalition that will realize the value of the closeted. Think: infiltration . . . gathering the dirt on those celebrated "family values" champions. *Think!*

*EXOCET is a deeply closeted retired navy captain living in Newport Beach, California. He prefers to stay anonymous and regrets that he does not seek mail which requires a response.*

# GUIDE TO SILVER FOX HUNTING: PROVINCETOWN, MASS.

## by TOM SILVERCHASE

The Town House bar offers the best silver fox hunting in otherwise dismal Provincetown, where most hot older men are married, with their wives, straight, or all three.

Mostly, queens age 35 to 45 flock to P-Town during the summer to bake in the sun all day (when it's not raining) then ingest drugs and dance in their underwear all night. There are tons of lesbians also.

Still, Provincetown can be amusing. The boys aren't bashful about showing a basket. Also, the town in restful. Cape Cod in charming. The beaches are rocky and cold, but otherwise okay. The shopping is very good. So are the restaurants. But a long weekend is plenty of time. A week is way too much.

Silver fox heaven, Provincetown is not. The latest gay guides don't indicate an older crowd anywhere. Most places are either dead, depending on the season, or packed with thirty-something boys who like each other. The town makes the bulk of its money on the Memorial Day, Fourth of July, and Labor Day weekends. Older men can be found, but the pickings are far better in any major city.

The Town House at 291 Commercial St. is about the best bet for the CR set. A grey-haired gay and lesbian-friendly woman owns the place and runs a tight, good-humored ship. It's comfortable, clean and fairly dark, even during the day. There's a piano that's put to good use. The drinks are strong and reasonable priced: $2.75 for a highball, compared to $3.75 or $4.25 elsewhere in town. More older men can be found at the Town House than any other place in Provincetown, yet the crowd is definitely mixed, including lesbians and straights.

The only other place worth mentioning is the A-House bar at the Atlantic House Hotel at 4 Masonic Place. Masonic is a narrow street north of Commercial Street, not too far from the Town House. Leather's the theme. The bar is segmented into three rooms. One is a dark daytime haunt that overflows upstairs at night into "The Macho Room," where there's an interesting collection of penis photography. The third and largest segment has a cover charge at night and becomes a crowded, sweaty dance bar. Don't bother with the dance bar.

*Tom, 30, is an extensively published free-lance journalist who lives in Los Angeles. He promises to write several articles on silver fox hunting for the benefit of our multitude of hunters. After he has amassed enough information, he will publish the world's first guide book for lovers of older men.*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John J. McNeill was a Jesuit for nearly forty years before being expelled from the Society of Jesus in 1987 for his views on gay and lesbian sexuality. Since 1975 he has practiced psychotherapy in New York City.

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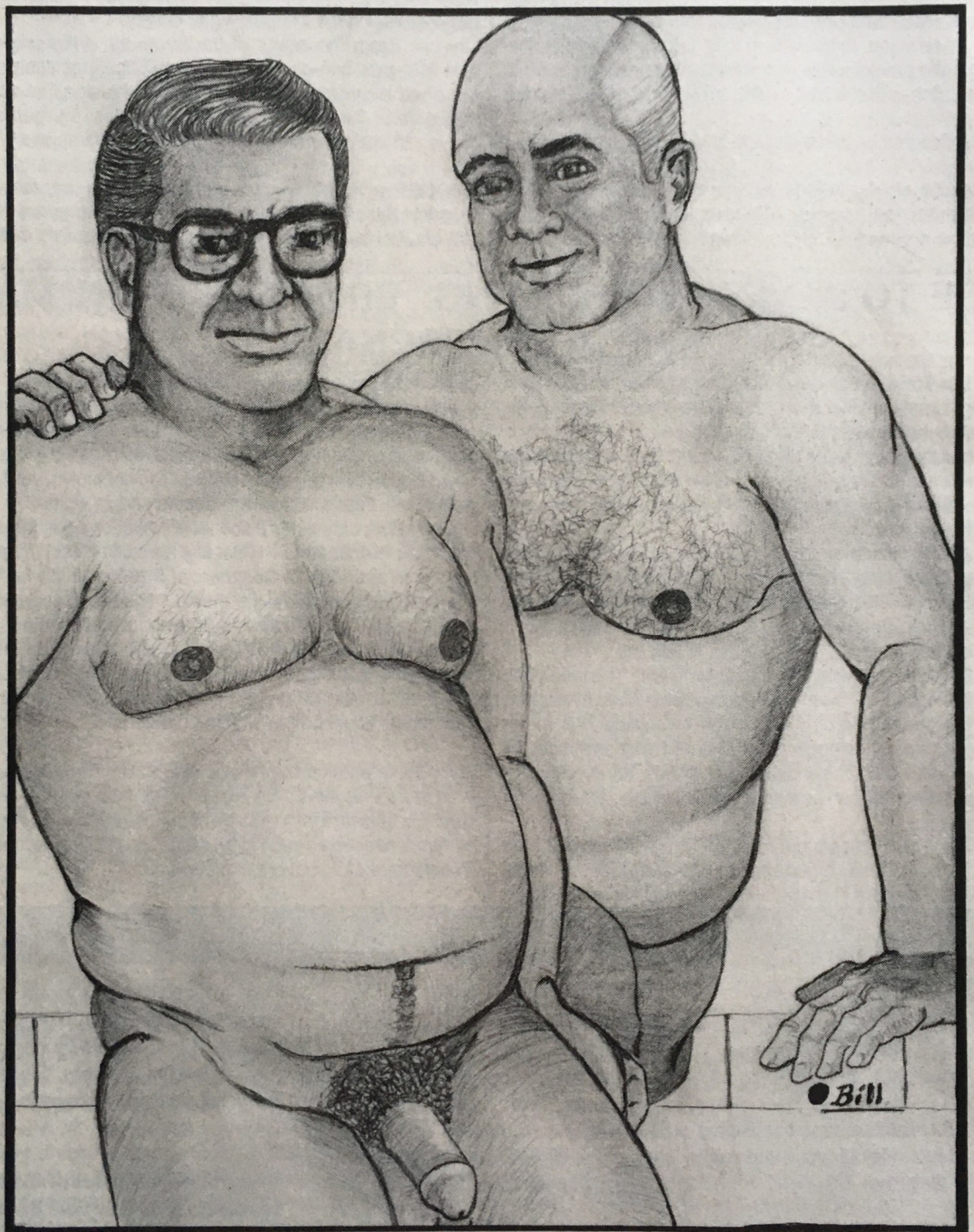
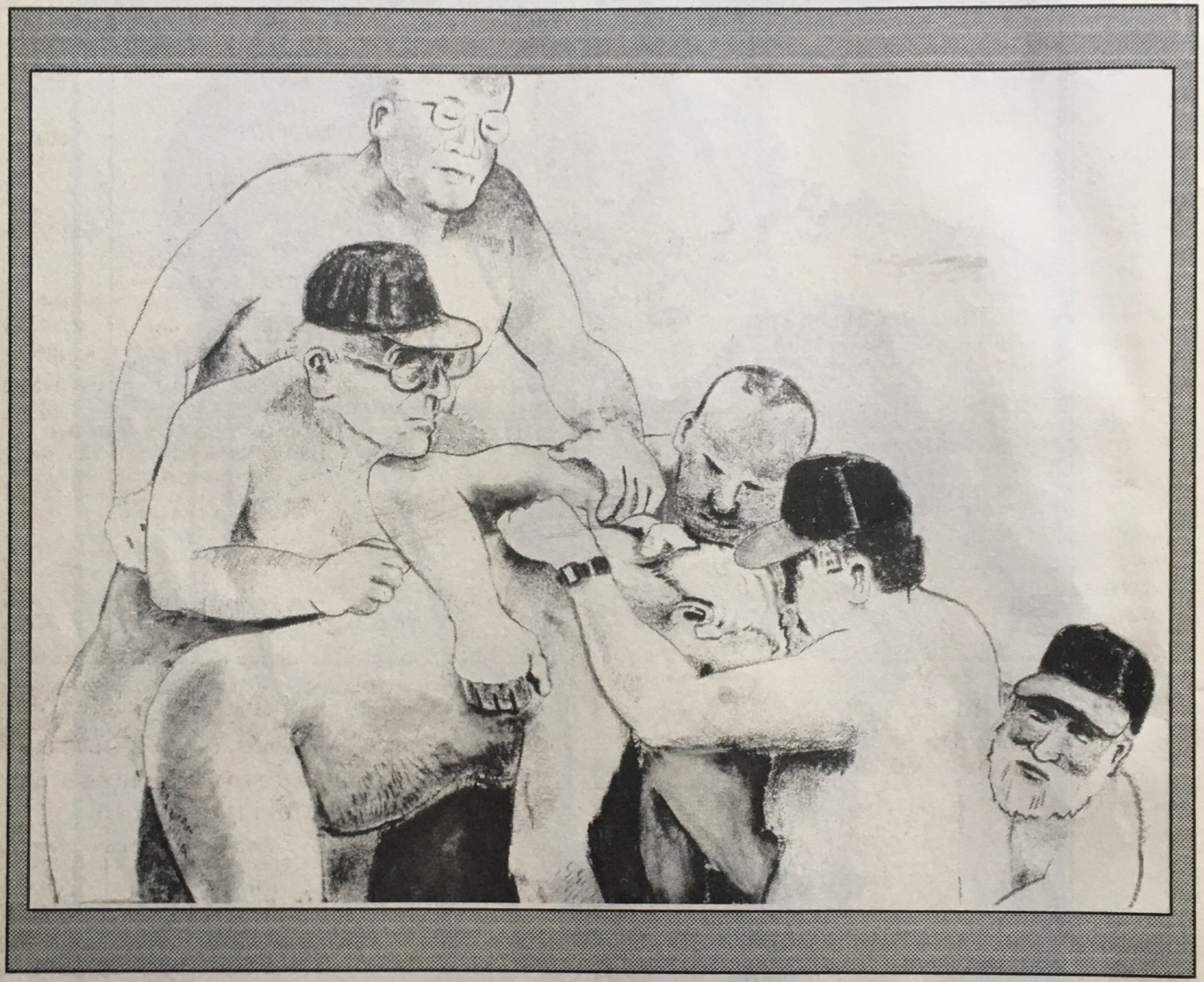



BILL THREE is half of a dynamic artistic duo. Burly in a wiry sort of way, this rugged, sexy-looking Mr. Can-Do just started doing erotic drawings recently. Surprise! According to his life-mate, he also gives a mean massage. He lives in Los Angeles with his partner of 26 years.

# THE ARTWORK OF FUZZTONE - (aka DUBOSE)

FUZZTONE does it all. He's an excellent artist, a poet of distinction, and a great fiction writer. A 25-year-old, 5'-10", 270# bearcub with a reddish-brown beard, he's looking for brother and papa bears for warm friendships and affection.

# THE ARTWORK OF MASCOT



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MASCOT is 25 and lives in Georgia with his friend, lover, confidant and equal, age 39. Through his artwork, he's tried to show the normalcy and eroticism of a homo-masculine relationship (rather than the bondage or domination aspect). Plus, older men are especially fascinating and attractive to him.

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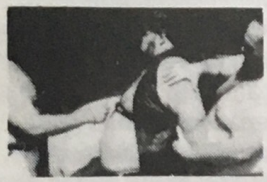

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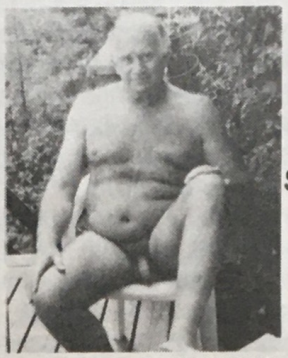

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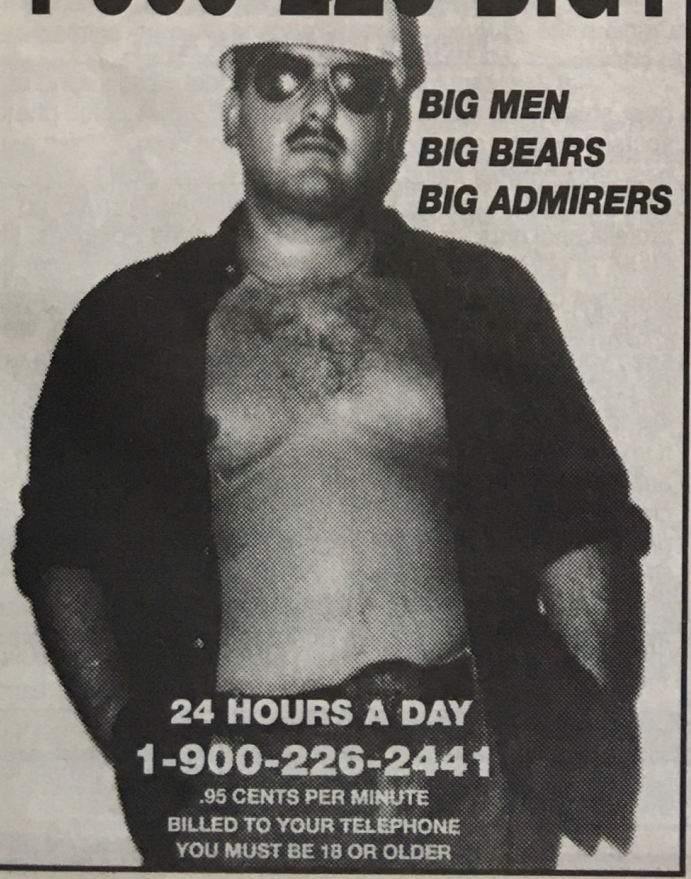

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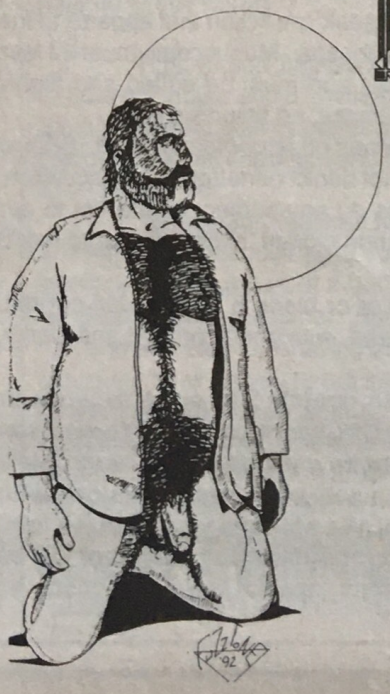

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# TOURING AUSTRALIA THE HARD WAY

## by OUTBACK JACK

18 July

It's OUTBACK JACK and KOALA BEAR on a 3-month caravan trip from Adelaide in South Australia to Townsville up in northeast Queensland. Now into week three and camped on the Sunshine Coast of Queensland at Noosa Heads for the last three days. Staying mainly near towns that have a NUDE BEACH, and there's a beautiful one here. But you have to walk a mile along a track to reach it.

I haven't been further north than here, so the rest of the journey will be new territory. KOALA BEAR came up here last year, so he knows all the haunts. I haven't been up this far since the 60s, and I was straight then.

The first part of the trip was through the outback via Broken Hill, fifteen hundred miles of endless red desert and salt bush. I hadn't been through that area before, so it was quite an eye-opener, but mind you I wouldn't venture through the vast barren outback again—even for LOVE. Ha! There wasn't even a hint of gay activity, not unless you fancied a kangaroo.

When the mountain ranges came into sight and a sign reading "McDonalds - 50 miles" appeared, we knew there was civilisation ahead.

Tamworth is the country & western music capitol of Australia, so we stayed there and did a bit of shit-kicking at the local pub. It was a beaut town nestled on a river.

Then it was a full days drive through the mountains to the east coast, and we made it right on dusk. Stayed three days at Byron Bay as there's a nude beach nearby. Met a couple of local gay blokes there. Quite coincidental, as one bloke had a fling with a mate of mine from Melbourne.

Since it had taken six days to cross the outback with overnight stops, the ocean was a pleasant change of scenery. Nude beaches have a natural attraction for pooftas (gays), and this beach was 10 to 1 gays. And they ain't hard to pick out. Ha!

Then we had a week on the Gold Coast of Miami Beach. There is a strong American influence in that area: Florida-style waterways. I think I sent you a postcard from there last year.

Anyhow, since I knew three pooftas and a straight couple in Miami and KOALA BEAR had relations in Brisbane, we were entertained a lot. Had a good time there but it has become a tourist mecca, especially for the Japanese. Don't like the hustle and bustle of crowded places, so a week there was enough.

Then on to Noosa Heads, where we are presently. When I was last here in the 60s in my '58 VW on surfin' safari, it was a quiet one-pub town. Although it has gone condo and yuppie, it still has great beauty. We're here four total days as a nude beach is so near and the weather is typical tropical winter—great sunny days to tan the buns! It sure is quite a difference up here in the tropics compared to winter down south. Don't you wish this was at your back door?

Next stop is Harvey Bay. There's an island off the mainland that is reached by ferry, and we're going there with a straight mate of KOALA BEAR's in a 4-wheel drive to camp, as it's very primitive as yet. Hope the natives are friendly mates.

Be in touch later.

Your Aussie Mate, OUTBACK JACK

*Brawny OUTBACK JACK and his blond bull gorilla good buddy (they aren't lovers), KOALA BEAR, reside in South Australia. They can be seen in all their nude glory in our KNOWING SATURN special issue. These guys are always traveling and send us the most entertaining accounts of their exploits. There is more to come in future issues, rest assured.*

## HOW TO SUBMIT MATERIAL FOR PUBLICATION

CHIRON RISING seeks material that appeals to mature men and their admirers, especially those works which hold our seniors in a positive light. Your creations may be humorous, erotic or serious, but must be in one of the following forms:

—Short stories. We seek fine fiction that appeals to the mind and spirit as well as the gonads. Manuscripts must be less than 14 double-spaced pages and must be edited and highly polished for consideration. Please, no standard porn.

—Fine original drawings no larger than 8 X 10. Should have artistic merit and must not depict penetration or ejaculation.

—Essays or articles on any subject of interest to our target audience— same as short stories, except limited to 4 or 5 double-spaced pages.

—Photographs (color or black & white)—full portrait, nude or otherwise, undisguised, with good contrast and clarity. No sex shots.

**Note: All subjects depicted in print, artwork or photography must be over 18 years of age. Works even hinting of pedophilia will not be considered. All submittals must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope with adequate postage for return. We will send you a release form if your material is accepted for publication. Payment will be made in copies, subscriptions, special issues or cash, as agreed to.**

## TIPS ON BECOMING A CHIRON RISING MODEL

If you want to become a CR model, simply send us the best sharply focused, well-contrasted 35 mm color photo of yourself that you can find. Can't find a good photo? Then get the best photographer friend or acquaintance you know to take some shots. If you want us to publish a clothed portrait, go to a professional photographer. Please don't send Polaroids, shots taken in bright sunlight with deep shadows, shots with flash shadows on the wall behind you, or shots with half your head or penis missing. If we accept your photo for publication, we will send you a release form outlining what we will give you in return for publication rights. You can then tell us what code name you'd like to use and write out your biographical sketch for publication. If you want your photo returned, YOU MUST send along a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Some photos might have to be cropped to fit in the allotted space, so please don't send your last print. DO NOT SUBMIT PHOTOS WHICH ARE BEING CONSIDERED FOR PUBLICATION IN OTHER MAGAZINES.

Too shy to become a CR model? Did you know that, on average, our models receive 20 times the letters that personal advertisers do?

## HOW TO WRITE A MODEL

Yes, you can easily contact our models! Simply follow the instructions for answering a coded ad on page 45.

# COLLEY'S VIDEO PICKS

***DADDY'S BEER BELLY IN BONDAGE***
Starring Sam Bush (no relation to George)
60 min, $49.95 to: HUSKY, P.O. Box 470822, San Francisco, CA 94147-0822. CA residents add $4.25 tax.

Like so many videos nowadays, this one gets off to a rather slow start. The redeeming factor in this opus, however, is that its star is one of the most exciting men I've ever seen in a "gay" video. The guy's big, older, brawny, hairy, bearded, cherubic, mischievous-looking, masculine as hell, and hung like a beer can. He has killer-blue eyes that will make you instantly fall in love with him.

The preliminaries designed to titillate you (or kill time) last a little too long, but if you like the star, you could consider it a getting acquainted session or foreplay—take your pick. When we first meet him, he's dressed in a T-shirt, a regular shirt, a jacket, a weight belt, and a ball cap. He sucks on a toothpick and rubs his belly for a full three minutes, then decides to lift some weights for a short time. Then he takes off the weight belt and jacket, spits out the toothpick and sucks on the weight belt with a tongue that looks like it could lick his forehead. When he finally takes off his ball cap, we see that his hair is a beautiful silver and short. He's one hell of a sexy looking guy. All that's missing is a Harley underneath him.

For the next ten minutes he does a strip tease while striking the belt against a table, rubbing his belly some more, flexing his powerful forearms, playing with his tits, smelling his underarms. And then we see him bare-chested with a headband on and his cock out.

He ties a leather cord around his balls and cock and we can see just how impressive this man's genitals really are. His balls are the size of limes and his cock is very thick. He plays with it in earnest, then strips completely. But just when you think that something great is about to happen, he pulls out a cigar and makes love to it, finally smoking it sensuously. I guess the cigar thing is designed to release tension, but six minutes?

And then the sound track music stops, heralding the serious stuff, and we find Sam leaning against an S&M board contraption, stroking his slick monster. He places handcuffs around his balls and cock like an elaborate cock ring, then re-wraps the leather cord around his upper ball sac, tightening the scrotum skin until it's shiny. A balding, bearded, leatherman places a slotted hood over Sam's head and laces it up in back.

As Sam lies back against the tilted board (maybe 75 degrees), the wiry-looking leatherman begins strapping leather belts around our cherubic star and the board, leaving Sam's left arm free to masturbate. After the installation of nine belts, the wiry guy loops a rope in such a way as to conjoin all the belts. The whole bonding operation lasts about ten minutes and ends when the last of the rope is wrapped around the leather cord, which is already wrapped around Sam's balls.

This seems to get Sam very excited, and his bulging, redish-purple cock looks like it is about to explode. Incredibly it gets thicker. He strokes it with caution and asks for "the gas mask."

The leatherman re-enters and slips on a strange-looking gas mask with some sort of a filter attached to the nose part and a one-way exhaust port at the mouth. Those into bondage tell me that butyl or amyl nitrite is sometimes dripped onto the filter, but I couldn't tell if Sam's mask had been treated the same way. In any event, it seemed to drive old Sam crazy, and his cock shot one hell of a powerful load all over the place.

Enter again the leatherman, who takes off the gas mask, unlaces the hood and quickly frees Sam of all his rope and straps. The camera pans in on Sam's face as he pulls off the hood. He smiles at the camera and says, "Well, that's my fantasy. What's your's?"

And suddenly, staring into that heart-fluttering twinkle in Sam Bush's eye, we get a bit of insight into the complicated mystique of bondage. Maybe that same remnant of insight can be applied to S&M and other fetishes, too. I've never tried any of these, but I know many, many men who have, and they aren't any different from me except in sexual preference. Would I trade places with the wiry leatherman? You bet your ass I would! Only I would strap both hands down and take care of Mr. Bush in my own way. The magic for me is the man, not the scene.

Is this video just for those into hard-core bondage and cigar-smoking fantasies? Not by a long shot! This video is for anyone who likes big, burly, rugged silver bears with thick dicks. Sam Bush is so hot that I would enjoy a 60-minute documentary of his day-to-day activities.

For those of you who went nuts over ROB DADEO in the SWAN videos, wait until you meet SAM BUSH. For those of you who buy this video from HUSKY, the producer's distributor, write to the producer (the name and address is on the video) and request that they produce a more mainstream video with this potential super star. If enough people write him, he might wake up and smell the roses (greenbacks).

And if they won't, we certainly know someone who will.

SAM BUSH, if you're out there somewhere and want to make a bundle of money, contact CR.

New from P.R. Simon Productions.
***DADDY VIDEO VOLUME III:***
***DISTINGUISHED GENTLEMEN***
Over 2-1/2 hours. Same pricing as DADDY VIDEO VOLUME II (see ad in this issue)

P.R. Simon has come up with an epic this time. We timed it at 2 hours and 51 minutes, but the literature says it's 2:30. Simon is covering all its bases in this one: two segments feature intergenerational couplings and two or three of the models appear to be in their 70s.

"Super Cut" features two very well put-together seniors. The lithe and muscular (and super hung) general from Simon's last flick plays the part of a barber who proceeds to seduce his handsome senior customer. But the customer has other things on his mind and ends up shaving the barber and shoving the meat to him in the chair. If you're not into shaving, you might want to fast forward to the action scene. If, on the other hand, you're interested in this form of fetishism, then enjoy. At the end, a bald-bodied, freshly screwed barber beats his ample appendage for the benefit of those customers who like tidy endings.

"Fill Me Up, Daddy" is by far the most dramatic of the four segments. It was filmed in a rugged canyon in the Mojave desert not far from the big Landers Quake, and all the action takes place

against a scenic backdrop of rugged canyon walls. A tall, dark-haired young man runs out of gas and finds a "farmer" operating a tractor up inside a box canyon. The tractor operator takes a liking to the young man and offers some gas and a can of beer in return for a blow job. The older model is stocky, muscular, grey-bearded, rugged, big-balled and hung like a horse with about a pound of foreskin. For 43 minutes the young man offers the older man just about every delight in his repertory. There is a wild fuck scene on top of the tractor that has to be seen to be believed. The segment ends with a great cum scene, followed by the sight of a very sore and exhausted young man staggering to his car with a 5-gallon container of gasoline.

"Distinguished Gentlemen" pairs two men in their 70s. One of them knocks at the other's door selling tickets to a veterans' function, and they find that they have a whole hell of a lot in common. For 13 minutes, they talk and discover that they both had wives that died, were in the same army unit together 40 years ago, and had even been in the sack with each other! Small world, huh? The door-to-door salesman, a fine-looking white-haired distinguished type, has a whopper of a penis, but like so many guys in front of a camera for the first time, he had trouble keeping it up. I just wish that someone had thought to bring along a cock ring for such a contingency. Anything to offset the stereotype of the impotent older man. The other guy didn't have any trouble, but I think he had experience with this sort of thing. However, both men did manage to get themselves off in this 40 minute segment.

"Back Down On The Farm" brings back one of the stars of the very first DADDY series. In that one, he performed a masturbation scene to country and western music. This time, he gets serviced by a younger man to the sound of country and western music. There was no evidence of a farm (it appears like it was filmed inside a bar), but what the hell. This is Hollywood! The older man is stocky, handsome and rugged-looking. Like in "Fill Me Up, Daddy", I got the feeling that the younger man got more than he bargained for; he appeared glassy-eyed from exhaustion by the time the "farmer" had shot his load. But the younger man gets revenge. While straddling the older man's belly, he masturbates and sends a glob of semen into the older man's eye. This 35 minute segment was enjoyable, but there were certainly a lot of ghosts in evidence. At one point, I could have sworn that I saw a strange arm at the edge of the frame.

Overall, I'd give this video a good rating. A lot of time and effort went in on it, and the locations were spread out over an immense area. The cost of producing a video like this is certainly nothing to sneeze at. I admire the thought behind a much longer video for the same price as a shorter one, but I really wasn't impressed with the 34 (total for all four segments) minutes of preliminary dialog, most of which I couldn't make out anyway. I'm not sure if it was due to the actors' lack of projection or some technical problem with the sound. I think most porn video connoisseurs would rather have something short, down and dirty and leave the dialog for the seasoned actors like ZIPPER and NIPPER in Simon's DADDY VOLUME II, parts of which were masterpieces. But I have to congratulate Simon on his choice of actors in this one. The hunk that plays the barber in "Super Cut" is always great to watch, and the 3/4 straight bruiser in "Back Down on the Farm" is going to be a real turn-on to a lot of guys who like their men rugged. But the actor that will turn the most heads is the tractor operator in "Fill Me Up, Daddy." This guy is a sight to behold. I've seen thousands of personal ads describing a strong desire for a senior man like him and have talked to hundreds more who say that a man like this is their ultimate fantasy.

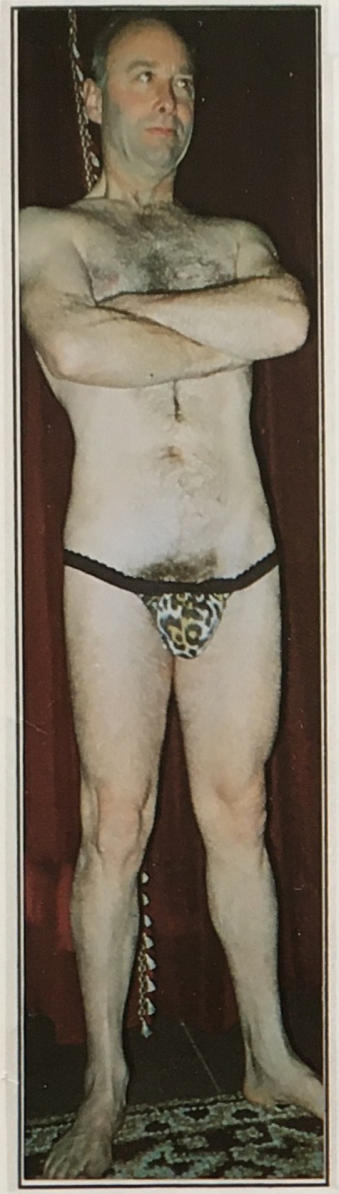
Buy this video and enjoy yourself. And if you don't like the dialog and shaving scene, then that's what your fast forward is for. Extract both, and you still get more than you paid for.

## DON

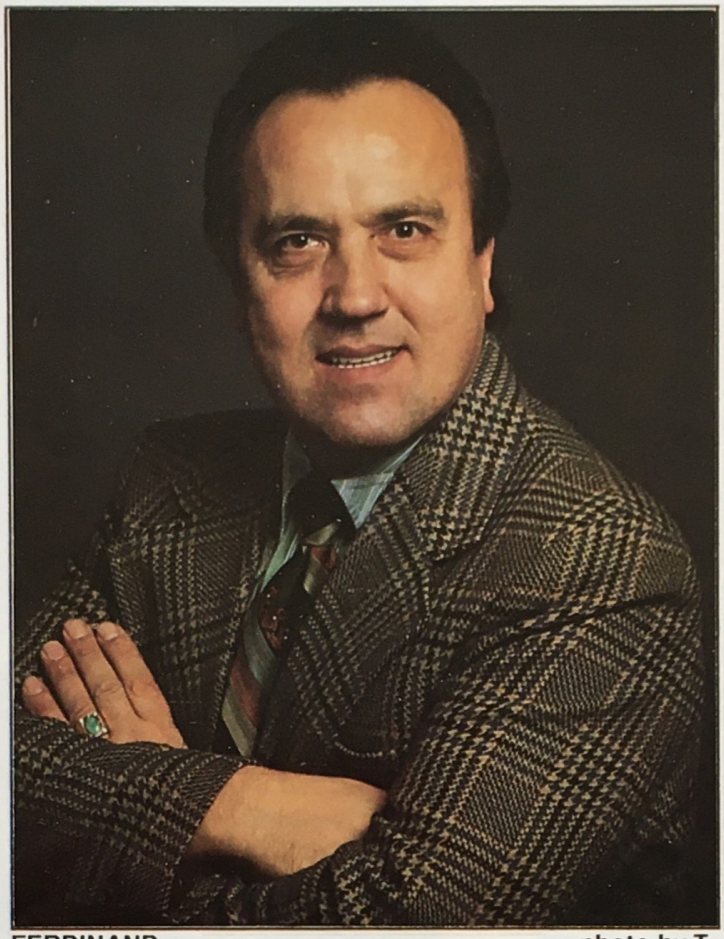
**photo by LOU**

DON, a Virginian, is 48, 6 feet, 200 pounds, and loves cooking, classical music and travel. He and his partner, LOU, enjoy meeting new friends and getting decked out in leather.

# INTERNATIONAL MODELS



ROLAND BOUCHER - a self portrait

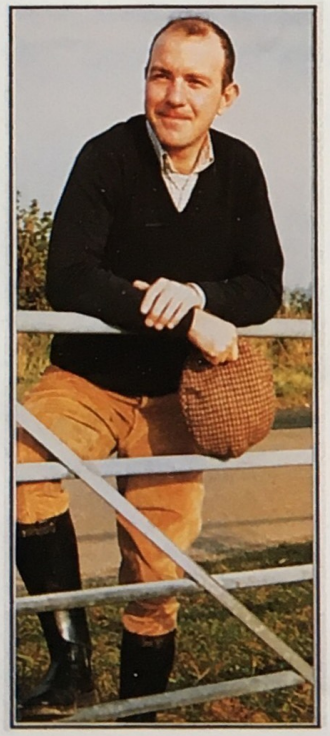


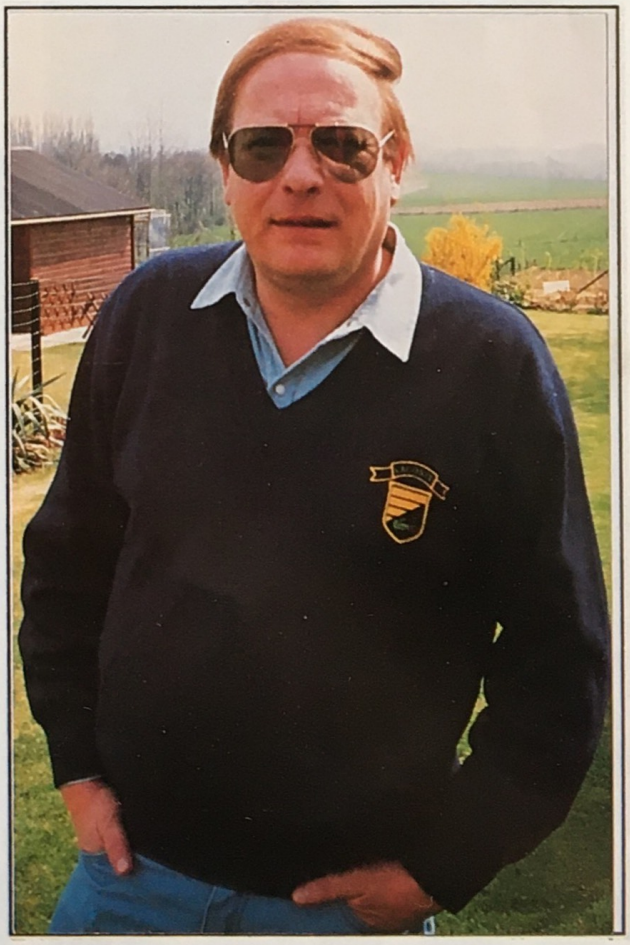
FERDINAND photo by T

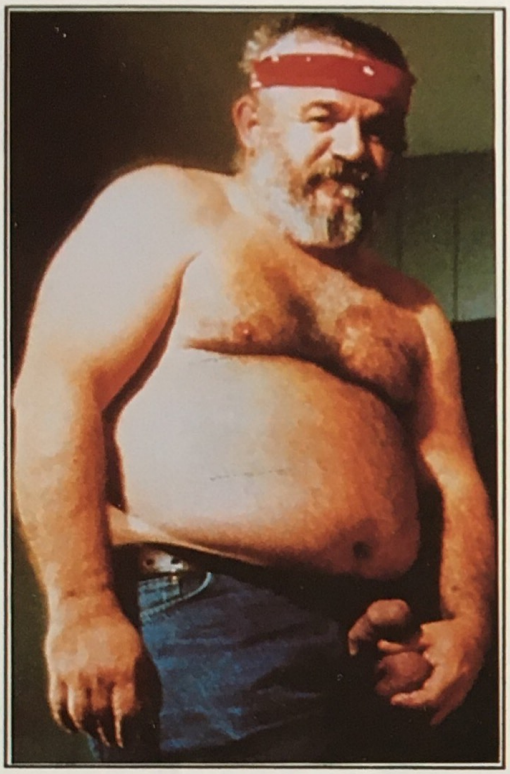
RAY W. photo by BLAIR

NORTH OF THE BORDER-self portrait

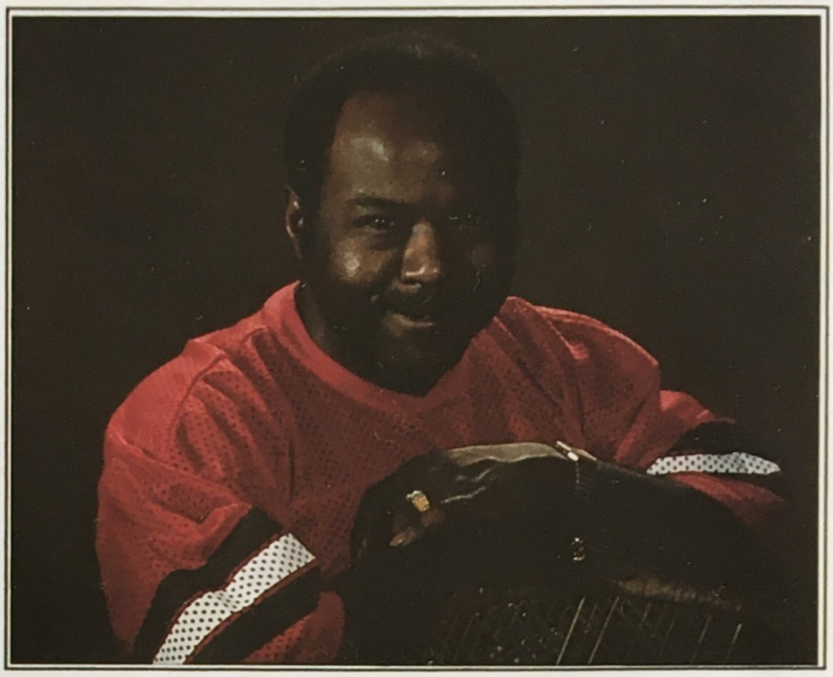
FARMER'S SON
photo by FARMER







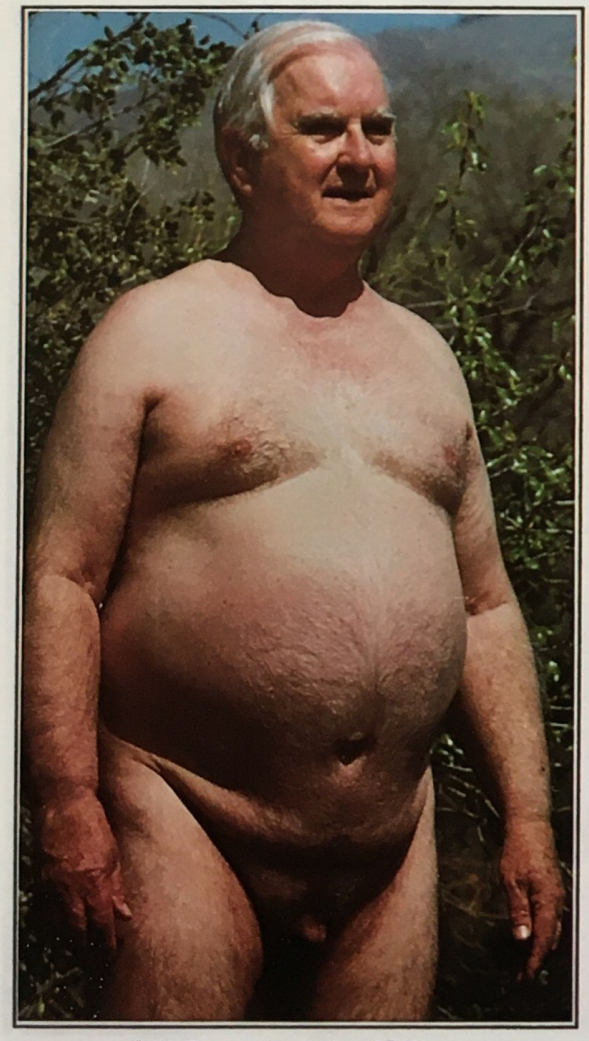
SAM BUSH
photo by PALM
DRIVE VIDEO



R.T. photo by JODI LYNN

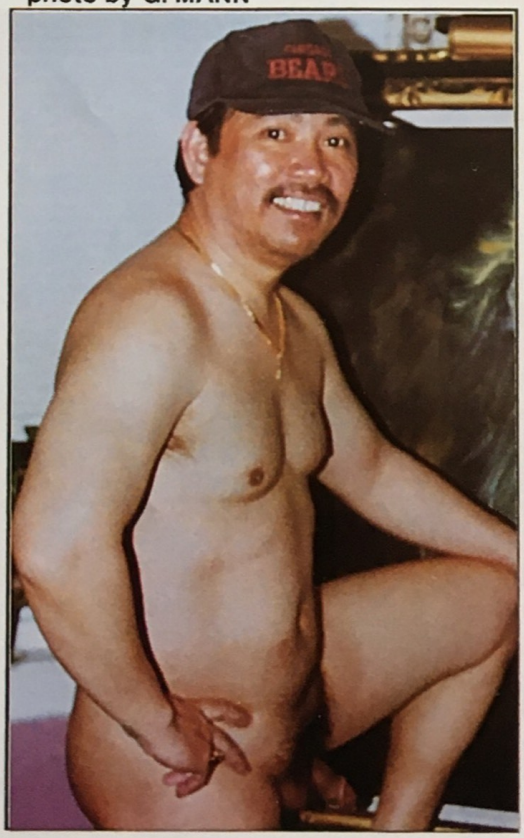
# HUNKS

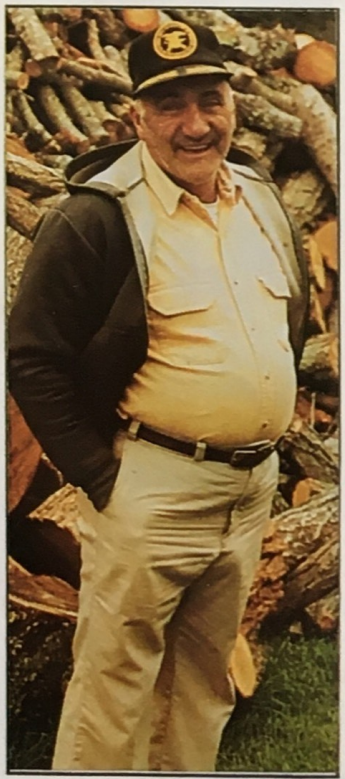
UTAH
TONY
photo by
STEVE



SPUD photo by JOEL

EL HOMBRE
photo by G. MANN



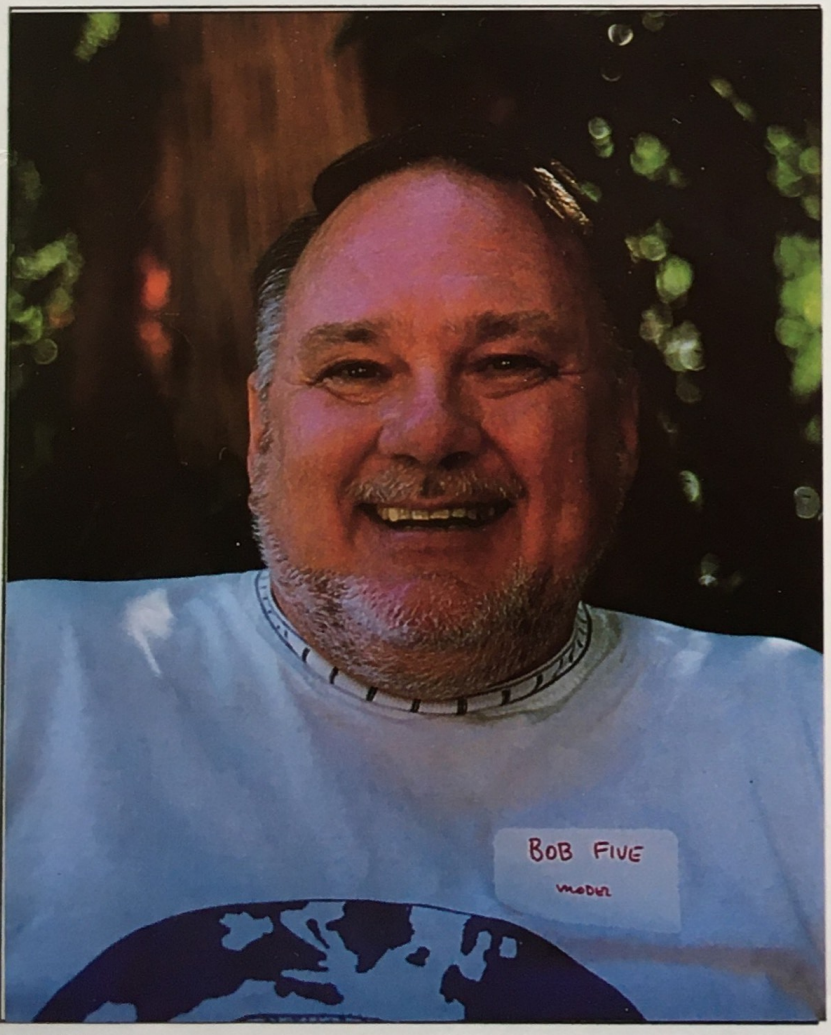
WOODSELLER
photo by ELMER DEMING

# WINNING SMILES

SCOOTER
photo by JOHN BENDT

ROD
photo by LANDSCAPER

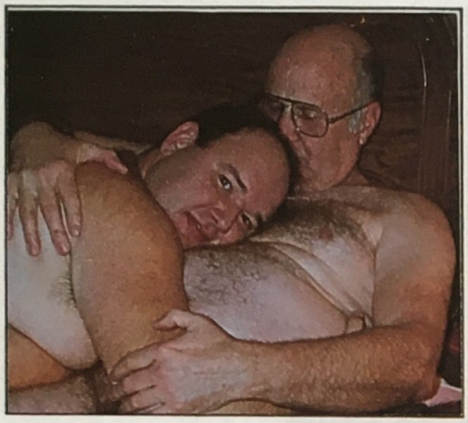
BON VIVANT
photo by JOEL




BOB FIVE
photo by RICHIE II

AXOLOTL
photo by TAY

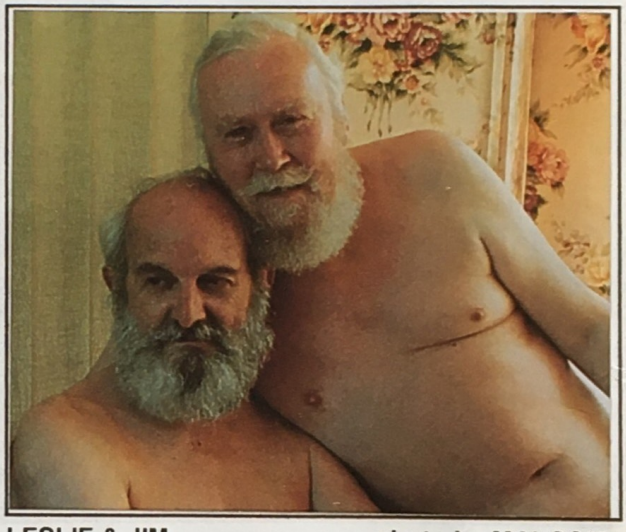
# COUPLES



KIM & DADDY BEAR
a self portrait

BOB & KIT self portrait

BABY BEAR & PAPA BEAR
photo by CHARLIE CHIARELLI



LESLIE & JIM photo by MALCOM

THE TWO FAMOUS BELLY BOYS
photo by ERIC

NARI AND HAROLD photo by CROWN

# PROFILES OF COLOR MODELS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS

## MODELS

FRONT COVER: **BULLFINCH**, one of our most popular models of all time (he's the only man to be on our cover twice), is retired, 63, 5'-7", 150#, and a nonsmoker. He would like a secure young man who is willing to share in working for a lasting relationship.

PAGE 2: Undoubtedly one of the most delicious-looking men to walk the earth, **ARNIE** is 57, 5'-9" and 220 pounds of real MAN. He's a bisexual nudist and nonsmoker who seeks pen pals and friends who are older.

PAGE 27: **ROLAND BOUCHER** is a French stockbroker and bachelor, 56, 5'-10", 150#. He seeks Bigmen friends, 40-80, who speak a little French and love nature, X-rated videos, wrestling, travel and music. He can lodge visitors. Canadian **FERDINAND** is a retired, 60ish bachelor who is a 5'-6", 190# Aries. He seeks stocky men, 35-60, for a long-term relationship. **RAY W.** is a 51-year-old Australian living in Queensland. He lives alone and welcomes visitors. He likes guys any age, but older, sexually active ones are a bonus. He'll reply to all who write. **NORTH OF THE BORDER** is a 35-year-old Canadian who enjoys exercise and outdoor activities, having been raised in the country. He enjoys men over 50 and hairy who also enjoy the outdoors. **FARMER'S SON** is a romantic, loyal, very affectionate and loving Englishman. He seeks clean-shaven fatherly types in the 45 to 50-year-old range and would love to settle down with a lifemate for a monogamous, life-long relationship. **THE BELGIAN** is a 43-year-old Belgian who likes men around 55 and up. He's looking for new friends and penpals with whom he can correspond in English, French, German or Dutch. He knows Europe very well and is willing to give information on any country and guide visitors through Belgium.

PAGE 28: **SAM BUSH** is the star of Palm Drive Video's DADDY'S BEERBELLY IN BONDAGE, reviewed in this issue. We're in contact with him but can't guarantee he'll respond to fan mail. **R.T.** is 36, 5'-11", 190# and lives in New Mexico. He is a fun-loving, sensitive and passionate man looking for men with similar qualities. He seeks a long-term relationship with a 40+, hairy teddy bear. **UTAH TONY** is a 5'-6", 200# chubby chaser who likes men 29 and up, mostly older. He enjoys sports, music and movies . . . and lots of hugging and kissing. **SPUD** is a retired professional who is 70, 5'-11", versatile, adaptable, clean, warm, honest, open, sincere, cultural and musical. He lives in Idaho. **EL HOMBRE** is a Filipino/American living in Chicago. He is 42, 5'-5", 165# and seeks an honest, clean, financially stable man between 40 and 60 who wants a serious relationship. **WOODSELLER** is a rugged senior who lives on one of the islands off Massachusetts. He didn't give us a whole lot of biography, but we assume that he would like some fan mail. The young photographer did say, however, that WOODSELLER is a whole lot of fun.

PAGE 29: **SCOOTER** is 44, 5'-6", 145# and lives in Southern California. A former hotel manager, he was disabled at 30, but his sexual function is intact. He hopes to develop a new close friendship and prefers hairy men to 60. SCOOTER proves that people confined to a wheelchair are just as attractive as anyone else. **ROD** is a 6'-3", 200# masculine man who is in a loving relationship in Washington State with model LANDSCAPER. They are interested in meeting other couples who like outdoor activities, the theatre, nudism, etc. **BON VIVANT** is yet another Idaho find of photographer JOEL. He's single and likes lying in the sun on the Boise River with a bottle of champagne, bon bons and a good book. He dislikes men who wear white underwear. **BOB FIVE** is quite nicely described on page 32. **AXOLOTL** is retired, has written for CR under the name KRB, and likes music, crafts, travel, whatever. He lives alone in North Carolina and would enjoy correspondence.

PAGE 30: **KIM & DADDY BEAR.** KIM is a 39-year-old financial executive living in Atlanta. DADDY BEAR is a 60-year-old retired engineer who lives nearby. They enjoy correspondence, travel, woodwork, and meeting other Bears and Cubs. **BOB & KIT** have been together for 10 years and live in Virginia. They designed and built a mountaintop home and office combination. Both like cooking, baking and photography. **BABY BEAR & PAPA BEAR** are probably the best-known and most-loved of all our intergenerational couple contributors. They operate the now-famous "House of a Thousand Flowers," a bed and breakfast house in Northern California. See ad in this issue. **LESLIE & JIM.** These Englishmen are 70 and 64 respectively. They enjoy music, dogs, the countryside, and have an open relationship. They welcome visitors with a mature outlook , especially those who are bearded and 'stached. **THE TWO FAMOUS BELLY BOYS.** PAUL, 75, and FLOYD (aka WILD HARE), 72, have been together for 17 years. Both like music, theatre and all sports. PAUL (left) likes younger ones. FLOYD (right) likes older, chubby ones. **NARI & HAROLD** live in South Florida and would like to meet couples or singles for socializing, entertaining and traveling.

PAGE 55: **JOE** is half of the duo, JOE & HARRY, two wonderful guys who helped us get started a long time ago. JOE lives in northern Mississippi, where he and HARRY like to restore old houses and delve into photography and videography. **TURBO**

(continued on page 32)


## S A M S O N and H O M A N

Japan's celebrated magazines are now available to the rest of the world. Excellent color photography and artwork for connoisseurs of Japanese men. **SAMSON** (all ages and sizes): In Japanese, 275 pages. Published monthly. For our current issue, send 2,000 Y (Japanese Yen) or U.S. $17. Payment for one issue must be in cash only. For a 6 month subscription (6 issues), send 13,500 Y in bank transfer of money order. For a 12 months subscription (12 issues, plus 1 free), send 24,000 Y in bank transfer or money order. Payee should read KAIMEI-KAN. All prices include air mail postage. Cash should be sent well disguised via registered mail. Send payment, along with name and address to: KAIMEI-KAN, Overseas Division, P.O. Box 66, Ueno Post Office,Taito-ku, Tokyo, JAPAN 110-91. **HOMAN** (older and heavier): In Japanese, 132 pages. Published 3 or 4 times a year and available by single copy only. Send 3,000 Japanese Yen or U.S. $23 (cash only) to: KOFU-SHA, P.O. Box 133, Ueno Post Office, Taito-ku, Tokyo, JAPAN 110-91.

# INTERGENERATIONAL MALE LOVE: A BIBLICAL PERSPECTIVE
## BY REVEREND BOB ARTHUR (aka BOB FIVE)

Over the years the Bible has gotten a bad rap from many of the Christian churches which proclaim to follow its teachings. Nearly all Christian churches teach that the Bible, as it was originally written in the Hebrew, Aramaic and Greek languages is the rule of faith by which they live. Yet because the English translations of the Bible have distorted some of the original teachings, and because of a very sex-negative attitude that has developed over the years in the churches, any kind of sexuality is usually viewed as unclean and not a subject of discussion.

I have recently completed a book which should be published sometime this year, called THE SEX TEXTS. In it, I try to explode some of the myths of sex-negativity by using the original languages of the Scriptures and re-translating those passages which deal with sexuality in the way the original writers wrote them for their own readers. There is ample evidence for same-sex relationships throughout the Bible and that God specifically blesses them. In fact, researcher Dr. John Boswell has found that the early Christian Church did not perform heterosexual weddings, as that was a civil ceremony. The only "weddings" they performed were for same-sex couples. One might read the beautiful passage in II Samuel where David mourns for his lover, Jonathan, who was killed in a battle:

"I am distressed about you, my brother Jonathan; you were very delightful to me; your love for me was extraordinary, better than the love of women." - II Samuel 1:26

But what about intergenerational love between men in the Bible? There is evidence for that as well. Matthew 8:5-13 and Luke 7:1-10 tell us a wonderful story. A Roman centurion (one of the occupational forces in Jerusalem at that time) had a young lover who had fallen gravely ill. He sent for Jesus and asked if He would heal the boy. When Jesus agreed to come to his home to heal the boy, the centurion said that such would not be necessary, as all Jesus had to do was say the word, and the boy would be healed. Jesus not only healed the boy, but praised the centurion for his great faith to the Jews, who were around Him at the time. Obviously, Jesus had no difficulty with their relationship and, in fact, actually blessed it by healing the young lover. Now, of course the English Bibles do not translate the word "lover". Instead, in Luke 7:2, it is usually translated "servant, who was dear unto him." The Greek words that are used throughout these passages are words which mean alternately slave and boy lover. It is apparent from the cultural context that this boy had been taken by the centurion as a slave and became a lover. The word translated "dear" is the Greek word *entimos*, from which we get our English word "intimate."

In addition, the Greco-Roman culture had the "son-in-the-law" relationship in widespread practice at that time. Any older man who had been successful in life was expected to adopt a "son-in-the-law" from a poorer family. He would train that boy in the art of making a living, the art of warfare, and the art of making love. When the boy grew older, he then decided if he would stay with his lover or go out and marry to make a family of his own, eventually adopting a "son-in-the-law" of his own. It was this practice, of course, which led to the saying, "An army of lovers cannot be defeated."

The Apostle Paul was a wealthy man by birth. As such, he was familiar with the practice of adopting "sons-in-the-law." We do not know if he did, but he frequently referred to Titus and Timothy as his "sons-in-the-Lord." He certainly taught them the art of making a living: he appointed them both bishops. He taught them the art of "spiritual" warfare. The question is: Did he teach them the art of making love? Many people believe he did and that they were in fact his lovers. It is interesting that he took so much interest in their state of circumcision. He refused to allow Titus to be circumcised, and he wouldn't allow anyone but himself to perform the circumcision on Timothy.

It certainly is unfortunate that the churches have become so sex-negative that they have not been able to explore more fully these Biblical role-models for intergenerational male love. I believe that as we continue to let the Bible speak for itself, without all the twisting done by the churches, we will find even more affirming passages to the kind of men many of us who read CR were created to be: men who love and appreciate men of other generations.

*BOB ARTHUR (aka BOB FIVE) is 48-year-old Biblical scholar and teacher of sexuality studies and Biblical languages. Bob has recently found a wonderful lifemate, and both would enjoy meeting new friends— interracial, intergenerational and otherwise.*

(Continued from previous page)

is the younger half of a very attractive intergenerational couple from Northern California. TURBO is an educated extrovert and likes mature men, sports and music. He and his senior lifemate have been in a relationship for the past 12 years. **MERRILL** is 47, 6'-4", and has enjoyed a life-long interest in spankings. He is single and looking for a top or a bottom, or a man who enjoys both, to share life. He prefers slender men, age 25 to 50. He writes for several art, history and professional publications as well as *Stroke* Magazine,and publishes a spanking newsletter. His home includes an overhead railroad that runs through five rooms and an earthen basement with prison, woodshed, and barn. **JON** is a writer and artists living in England. He admires well-hung guys and seeks correspondence--especially the exchange of photos, experiences and frank, open discussion. **THE MESA KID** is in one hell of a transitional period. First he was the CASA GRANDE KID, but he moved to Mesa, Arizona, and became the MESA KID. Now, just at press time, he advises that he is moving to San Antonio to be with a new lover. He did not, however, say that he was now the SAN ANTONIO KID. So there you have it. Arizona's loss is now San Antonio's gain. Don't know if he wants mail, so write at your own risk. We leave him in the issue strictly for entertainment value (gulp).

PAGE 56: **DOOLITTLE** is an extraordinary man. A Canadian living in Switzerland, he is 50, 5'-7", 190# and a nudist. He's professionally involved in music theater as director and performer. He likes men his own age and up and says that personality and humor are more important to him than appearance. DOOLITTLE would like to correspond with CR readers and take in visitors to Switzerland.

### PHOTOGRAPHERS

**RICHIE II** is a 30ish, brilliant free-lance photojournalist among other things. An African-American, RICHIE seeks older white men to photograph . . . and one special one with whom to settle down. **JOEL** is a semi-professional photographer who is headed for greatness. He also has a knack for finding incredibly masculine models in the most unlikely places. He's our most prolific photographer, and we eagerly await his next submittal.

## Fiction by GIRAFFE

# LOVE SICK

Stay me with flagons,
Comfort me with apples,
For I am sick of love.
Song of Songs

On the morning of my sixty-third birthday, I watched from my front window as the day curled upon itself like a television special effect, the picture rolling up and reversing to show a new image. Duboce Park huddled in gloom under sodden clouds, then the sky flipped; rain retreated before an edge of bright blue, and the sun strafed the street with brilliance. I had endured a morning like this just two years ago when Gerry Herman, my onetime lover, died of AIDS.

The callous family who had heinously evicted him twenty years before--the imperious mother, the older sister with bleached hair, the unidentified cousins--had invaded his hospice room and elbowed out his friends. With the typical arrogance of homophobic blood kin, they had seized his possessions, abrogated his will, dismissed his lover, and withheld token mementos to his friends.

To avoid a painful confrontation, I had swallowed my grief and let them cheat me out of a share in Gerry's last day. I had stood on the hospice steps that windy morning and watched the street dissolve from bright color to dreary monochrome. Only then had it occurred to me that it was my birthday.

I cringed at the hypocrisy of that family claiming a loved kinsman. Gerry told me about them during those wakeful nights when I cuddled the fuzzy barrel of his torso against my belly and he shuddered and sobbed.

His parents were on the faculty of the University of Chicago. They were radical torch-bearers in many political causes, such as opposing the war in Viet Nam. They condemned all religion and had renounced Judaism when they married. They had not allowed their only son to be circumcised. Gerry was raised immersed in the insecurity created by his parents' rejection of all conventional values. During his senior year in college, after indecisive soul-searching, he told his parents he was homosexual. He had hoped to receive the same tolerance they gave to social causes. Instead, in a scene of bitter violence, his father disowned him and ejected him from the family home. His mother did not even try to intervene. He never saw them again. He completed school, managed the mechanics of survival and, with his life's foundations destroyed, began his search for identity.

Now, I rested my head against the cool windowpane and waited for my tears brought on by that memory to abate. The telephone rang, but I allowed the answering machine to do its job. After my brief recorded message, I detected a pause, then a woman's tense voice: "I need to talk to Daniel Wilson. This is Sylvia Herman, Gerry Herman's sister. It's very important. Please call me at this number." She repeated the number twice and started to say something more when the beep ended her message.

I watched the day for half an hour more, while blustering winds closed in the sky again and suffused my room with shadow. After I dialed, she answered on the first ring.

"Hello."

"Miss Herman?"

"Is this Mister Daniel Wilson?"

"Not exactly."

"Oh, don't try to be funny."

"My name is and always has been Dan Wilson."

"You needn't quibble. I have to talk to you."

"How can I help you, Miss Herman?"

"You can give me back what's mine." She sounded as if rigid lips were shaping each stiff word.

"I beg your pardon. I don't have anything of yours."

"I want Gerry's star."

"Star?"

"After Father died, Mother sent Gerry a gold `Star of David' necklace. He kept it. He must have worn it. We want it back."

I cleared my throat. "I'm sorry I can't help you."

"I could have you arrested. They saw you at the hospice. You took Gerry's necklace. You stole his star. We need it. My mother wants it. She's dying. Please give it to us." She seemed on the verge of angry tears.

I had taken a gold pendant from Gerry's neck at the hospice, but it was not a Star of David. It was a charm I'd given him, a private joke. "Keep it for me," he had whispered. We had more to say, but talk was cut off by the intrusion of Gerry's family. I told her, "I didn't take a Star of David from Gerry. If I have anything that was his, he gave it to me."

"I know, I know, but Mamma insists. Can I at least talk with you? Can we meet? You could come here to see me."

"Where are you?"

There was a pause and whispers. "I'm at an apartment on Arguello Street. It's actually my cousin's."

I became wary. "Perhaps I can meet you in a public place."

She hesitated. "All right. Where?"

I thought fast. "The Fountain Cafe. It's a tea room on Market Street near the Castro. You can take a taxi. The Fountain Cafe. The driver will know it. Come alone, and when you get there, ask for a table at the window. I'll meet you there at eleven."

There were more frantic whispers before she agreed, "All right. The Fountain Cafe. I'll get there as soon as I can."

I didn't like this air of intrigue, but I couldn't cope with a crowd of her family and friends. I called the AIDS Fund office where I do volunteer work and told them I might be late that afternoon. It was only a ten minute walk to the tea room, but just in case rain started again, I slipped on a boating jacket with a hood and left immediately.

Outdoors, I was caught up in the changing day. A cloud slid away and the sun's glare illuminated Gerry, in full leather, across the street, his short stockiness unmistakable. His eyes shone above the dark curls of his beard the way they had on the day he moved out of my house to buy his first leathers and seek an identity south of Market. He started up the block with his purposeful walk, short stiff-legged steps, small feet toed out, chin thrust forward, the flat back firm above sturdy

legs and compact buttocks. Short thick arms swung from burly shoulders to end in delicate hands below the leather cuffs. At the corner, he looked back, his eyes pleading as they had done from his hospice bed. His pretty lips curved soft and moist in the nest of his beard. Dull gloom closed in the sky again as he turned toward a leathermen's bar around the corner. I hurried after him, but I knew what I would find: the sidewalk, empty down the windswept block, and the barroom, now just a local tavern serving a few morning regulars.

One hot, bright afternoon some years ago, when this place was a popular leather bar, Gerry parked his big Harley out front in the rank of shiny bikes and strutted in wearing his new leathers, cap, jacket, pants, boots, spangled with studs and festooned with steel chains. He bought a beer, declined the glass, ambled to the back patio and leaned casually against the doorpost with his bottle. He looked at the bar and hoped to attract the attention of a giant red-haired bear, the tattooed king of leathermen, and president of the cycle club he wanted to join. He overheard unguarded comments from several voices.

"That's the guy who wants in the club . . . that cute stocky Jew boy in the new leathers . . . got a Hog parked in front that's twice as big as he is . . . I fucked him a couple of times at the Dungeon . . . he's got a hot ass . . . maybe we should brand that hot ass with a swastika . . . a cute teddy bear, but no Jew for our club . . . ."

Gerry hated to be called cute. He was thirty-eight years old and a successful stockbroker in an important company, where he contended with tall secretaries who smiled down at him. He hated looking Jewish. He was not circumcised, but other physical characteristics that he thought typical of Jews were part of his makeup: a prominent nose, dark heavy eyebrows, sentimental eyes that seemed always on the verge of tears, sensuous lips, crisp black curls framing a bald spot, hairy thickset body with short limbs. A foreskin could never cover all his ethnic identifiers.

He never formed a close relationship in the leather crowd, although he enjoyed the bottom role in mild S&M games. He was repelled by the reverence some leathermen showed for the swastika and other Nazi symbols. He writhed in the agony of guilt for hating his own Jewishness and for not having the courage to confront those who honored the torturers and slayers of his Hebrew cousins and gay brothers.

After eavesdropping on his rejection by the cycle club, he sold his bike and leather gear and began to shave clean every day. Then he found out that he tested HIV positive. He lived only two more years. I made him come and spend his last months in my home until he became a living skeleton and had to go to the hospice to die.

I knew what I had to do for him now.

Although I had seen her only once, I recognized Sylvia when she climbed out of the cab that gusty morning and hurried into the Fountain Cafe. I watched her sit down at the window table and pull a designer scarf off her bleached hair. The waiter took her order, and I delayed joining her until he brought a pot of tea with two cups. She poured a cup of the tea, but I knew it hadn't steeped long enough and would be flavorless when she tasted it. I entered and approached her.

"Miss Herman?"

"Oh, Mister Wilson? Please sit down."

I slipped off my jacket, took the chair opposite her and folded my hands on the table. I wondered if I could evoke any understanding from this coarse, middle-aged woman with dyed hair, heavy make-up and elaborate jewelry.

She chattered, "Thank you for seeing me. This seems to be a nice place. I don't really remember you from our meeting two years ago. You look older than I thought you would."

"None of us is getting younger, Miss Herman," I replied, "Where did you get my unlisted number?"

"I have Gerry's address book. It was among his things at the hospice. Your address and phone number were in it."

"You could have written to me."

She tried to disarm me with her reasonableness. "The situation made it necessary that we speak face to face. It's crucial to my mother that we find out all we can about Gerry and recover any items of importance to the family. Mother and I went back to temple after my father died. She's dying now herself - inoperable cancer. Anything of Gerry's would be a comfort to her. You understand." This was a change from the hysterical woman who had threatened me on the phone less than an hour ago. I wondered if she had taken tranquilizers before calling the cab.

"I gave all the things Gerry left at my house to friends or Goodwill," I told her. "He got rid of anything connected with his family. He told me they had disowned him, and he didn't want to see them again."

"One of you called us to come out to him."

"It was a former business associate who called you, not one of his friends."

"That may be true, but Gerry wouldn't reject us, and we couldn't disown him. You don't know about Jews."

I didn't shout. I stated flatly, "Gerry was not a Jew."

"Oh, but he was. We're a Jewish family. It's his heritage."

"He wasn't circumcised."

"How do you know? Oh. He lived in your place. Men see each other." I was tempted to tell her how intimately I knew Gerry's foreskin. She went on didactically. "But that doesn't mean anything. His mother was Jewish so he was born a Jew. You can't change that just because one ritual was skipped."

"They were all skipped. I know that means something. Circumcision in the temple and the study of Scripture make a man a Jew, just as baptism in church and learning the New Testament make a man a Christian. Gerry's parents denied him that. He had no identity except being gay. He was never inside a synagogue; he never went to Hebrew School or had a Bar Mitzvah."

She dismissed my comments, "Oh, you just don't understand." She sipped the cold, weak tea and made a face. I took the cup and held it up so the waiter could see and bring a clean one. He asked, "Is everything all right, Dan?"

"Fine, Fred," I told him. "We poured this too soon. And we'd like some madeleines." He set a clean cup in front of Sylvia and poured for us, then he brought the pastries. The tea was now dark and fragrant. I took sugar and cream in mine; she used a wedge of lemon. Her next question was a change of direction.

"What did Gerry call you?"

"Call me? 'Dan' . . . sometimes 'Danny.' Why?"

"Not Daniel?"

"That's not my name."

"What did you call him? 'Gerald'?"

"He said his name was Gerry. I called him 'Gerry'."

"I thought you people always used formal first names for each other, like in a play." Her voice trailed off. We sipped the tea and nibbled the cakes. She threw out another abrupt question. "Were you lovers?"

"Yes. Well, no, not really. It was six or seven years ago. We never committed to each other. We knew from the beginning that we'd separate. We lived together, slept together, made love. But we were both looking for something else: I, a commitment and he, an identity. After he moved out, we remained friends. Our affair lasted less than a year."

She stared directly at me. "And he gave you presents?"

I snapped back. "And I gave him presents! What are you implying? That he kept me? He was my stockbroker. I paid him."

"But you took his Star of David, the gold star we sent him. The nurse at the hospice saw you!"

"The nurse saw me unfasten Gerry's necklace. It wasn't a Star of David. In fact, it was something I had given him."

"What was it?" she demanded. "I want to see it."

"You don't want to see it." I'm afraid I smiled.

"I'll wait here. Go and get it and show it to me!"

I bridled at her imperiousness, then relented. "I don't have to go get it. I have it here with me." I took out my key case and deliberately hid it in my lap while I disengaged the pendant. I held it out to her. Just at that moment, sudden sunlight burst through the window, and the gold charm sparkled.

Her shocked expression was my reward as she stared at the golden phallus in my palm. It was a miniature sculpture of a thick, erect, uncircumcised penis with scrotum, about three centimeters long.

She reached toward it, then withdrew her hand. "He would never wear that!"

"Believe me, he did. I bought it for him because it looked like his cock and balls. He wore it even after we separated."

"I won't listen to any more of this." She began to gather her things as if to go.

"Wait," I told her. "You asked for this. I don't know what you can tell your mother, but you might listen to some truth yourself, outside the facts. Gerry died of AIDS. Fact. But in truth he died of hate, his own hatred for himself. He hated being gay and hated himself for hating it. But he accepted it as his life. He hated being Jewish and hated himself for hating that. He hated himself for hating his `liberal' hypocritical parents who denied him an identity and threw him out when he needed their understanding and love. He hated himself for my loving him because he felt he didn't deserve it. When he heard the HIV positive diagnosis, he almost embraced his own death. He even felt a kind of satisfaction when the brokerage house fired him for having AIDS."

"He would have been all right if it wasn't for you. He wouldn't have been infected. You people made him homosexual!"

"He was gay long before he left home." We no longer tried to keep our voices down. The waiter watched us.

"That can't be true. He didn't have a domineering, possessive mother. She loved him. His father was always there for him."

"Until they evicted him!"

"Mother didn't want to do that. Father made her do it. Maybe we could have saved him. My brother was good."

"Your brother was a good man, I agree, but like all of us, he was gay from the womb."

"That's not true! Someone did it to him."

I couldn't resist the opportunity. I aimed and struck. "Perhaps a domineering, possessive older sister? The one in love with her little brother, jealous of the boy with all the talent and all the approval? The brother she was glad to see driven out of the house so she could become the favorite?" Her look of guilt and anger told me I had hit home. I dropped the pendant into my pocket, grabbed my jacket and stood up. I tossed money on the table for the tea and started for the door.

She growled, low and threatening, "We'll never forgive you. We'll get back at you some way."

I stopped and spoke to the back of her head as she tied the scarf over her hair like a peasant's babushka. "Don't ever bother me again. I've told you the truth, and you've been telling yourself sick lies. All of you conspired to kill Gerry's soul and turn that sweet, sensitive man into a mess of self-loathing. You even denied him a few minutes of peace with his friends when he was dying. I hope you're satisfied!"

She tried to have the last bitter word. "You'll be satisfied to know that he still hated us in that hospice room. He never spoke, not even to Mamma. He just turned away and died."

"So he died true to his feelings. Maybe he did find an identity after all."

I strode out into the bright morning, midday now. The wind had swept the sky clear, and brilliant sparkling air would fill the winter afternoon. I glanced back at the tea room. Sylvia had pulled off her babushka and was wiping her eyes with it.

I didn't look for Gerry on my way home. I hoped I would never need to see him again. When I got to my house it was flooded with sunlight. I dropped the gold phallus into its velvet nest in the jewel case. In the space next to it, I caressed with my fingertip Gerry's tiny, gold Star of David.

I hurried out to catch the bus to my volunteer job. I certainly didn't want to be late on my sixty-third birthday.

*GIRAFFE is a single, 70-year-old San Francisco bear whose hobbies are writing poetry and fiction. An utterly fascinating man, he uses the terms nonconforming, pagan, liberal and ailurophile (lover of cats) to describe himself.*

## WITHOUT WORDS
## a poem by SEAN BAILEY

He doesn't say the words I long to hear
Although I sense the words are there unsaid--
Rich with warmth,
Ripe with hope and promises.

You see them in his eyes and in his smile.
They tumble freely from his fingertips
Resting on my arm,
Each touch a silent declaration.

Nor is he yet aware of what they speak--
Those unsaid words of smile and brief caress
Ease my heart
And teach it bright new songs to sing.

So, silent, I return his smile, his touch--
Open messages his own heart can hear.
No words are there.
None are really neded now.

*SEAN, 50, 5'-10", 185#, HIV+, is a Midwest educator, seeking a lover, 30-60. He prefers romantic, intelligent, in-shape men.*

## Erotic Fiction by ROYCE

# LATE FOR CLASS

I was late. Again. As usual. Class started in twenty minutes, and I still had twelve minutes of driving time left just to reach the parking lot on campus. Well, I always did seem to cut things close. Plus, I assumed that night instructors at junior college held compassion for the tribulations of commuting students. I sped up a tiny bit over the speed limit in order to have time to review my notes before that night's quiz. Honest, I don't normally break the law. But just this once . . .

In my rear-view mirror, I saw the flashing lights long before I heard the siren. Traffic was unusually light for that time of day, just before six p.m., and I had passed the last mall before the exit to my campus. Damn. Almost made it.

I dutifully started pulling over a little before the patrolman gestured with his finger for me to do so. I shook my head up and down to let the good officer know that I knew who he was stopping. Maybe that accounted for the way he chuckled as he walked up to my car. Texas highway patrolmen were known more for efficiency than humor.

It was a beautiful late February day. The sun was just starting to go down and paint the almost clear sky a mottled shade of orange-pink. The temperature was in the mid-to-upper-50s with not much humidity—that would come in the summer. Yeah, a perfect day to get a ticket.

Then I got a really good look at the officer, and all thought of getting to class on time rushed out of my mind quicker than Texas weather can change. First, I have a thing for uniforms, so the idea of getting a ticket from a well-dressed representative of the law wasn't *all* bad. He was kind of beefy and burly, and his muscles stretched the uniform while the frame held some real meat, kind of like an old prize bull. Well stocked. Must've weighted in at around 220 pounds and stood almost six feet tall. Hairy, yes he was hairy. It stuck up out of the back of his uniform and from inside the front of his shirt which was unbuttoned at the two top holes. My mind drifted into a fantasy about him as he wrote down my license plate number.

Then he was at my side, asking for my license. Handing it to him, I looked up into his eyes. They were nice. Dark brown with just a touch of laugh lines around the edges. And he was chuckling again. It didn't dawn on me to be curious about why. I was too busy noticing the roughly chiseled features of his face above the small piece of plastic.

He scratched his forehead and pushed his hat back enough to show a head of grey-white, close-cropped hair. He had the nicest snowy mustache: bushy but neatly trimmed. Mustaches have always symbolized virility to me, and if this one was any indication, then the man was probably more than I could handle. I looked down at another indicator, the bulge in his tight uniform. It was big, something out a piece of hot fiction.

"Why were you speeding, son?" His voice was deep, mellow and resonant.

"Uh, oh, uh . . . " I stumbled. "Well, you see, officer . . ."

"Sergeant Kowalski. John. No relation to Stanley." It wasn't your common response from a highway patrolman. And why had he chuckled?

"Oscar. Kinda wild, but basically sane," I answered without thinking. I nervously glanced at his eyes, wondering if he'd comprehended.

He laughed, and my neck began to feel hot.

"Seriously, is there some trouble? Can I help?" His voice sounded sincere.

"Well, I was running late for class . . . "

"Say no more and follow me," he ordered, abruptly rushing to his squad car. He drove past me and nodded for me to follow.

He didn't use his lights and sirens but drove with a purpose. Other drivers got out of his way, and we made good time to the campus. I pulled up next to him in the parking lot as he was looking at his watch.

"I'm off duty now," he said as he rolled down the passenger side window. "So why don't you meet me after your class. There's a little coffee shop up the feeder road about four blocks from here. Okay?"

I was flabbergasted. "Uh . . . yeah, sure. I've been there. I don't know if we'll get out much before nine."

He nodded, smiled and drove away, leaving me wondering if all of it was a dream. Then I realized the time and rushed into class with just enough time to go over my notes before the quiz.

Class was weird that night. Or was it me? I blew the quiz because I was so excited and couldn't concentrate on the material. It was a sophomore creative writing class with a hunk for an instructor. He'd hinted that a meeting between us after the semester was out would be okay. A real cutey, he was openly gay and had many admirers.

Just before break, when I fully realized what had happened, I panicked. Yes, I had made a date with a cop. Excuse me. With a highway patrolman. I wouldn't want to get him mad. There were gay police officers . . . somewhere. But to pick one up when he was giving you a ticket? And he still had the ticket! Along with my address and my license! Great. I felt that I was on a one-way trip to holding cell hell. All of the stories about degenerate prisoners and "innocent" civilians fueled my mind to come up with even more gruesome scenarios. I was dead meat, and that was all.

My teacher pulled me aside just before break was over and asked if anything was wrong. I lamely admitted to getting a ticket on the way to class.

"All for little ol' me," he drawled, his lips framed by a salt and pepper beard. "Why, you shouldn't have, Oscar." He emphasized my name like an old-time Southern plantation owner. I felt a quick rush of lust and stumbled off to my desk.

At the end of class the anxiety started coming back. I thought about not going, about telling my instructor, calling some friends—anything to stop myself from going. Because the cop excited me. I had a hard-on through almost all of class. Funny, but the only time I wasn't hard was when I concentrated on my instructor. And he usually had the opposite effect on me.

Leaving the classroom, I knew it was time to make the only decision I could after having experienced John Kowalski. "Time for coffee with a friend," I muttered on the way out. Time to find out if the man was for real or if I would make the police log section of the paper the next day.

I pulled into the coffee shop about nine-fifteen to see John sitting by himself in a booth in the back. His back was to the wall with his legs stretched out over the edge of the seat, his dark

tan boots almost hanging out in the aisle. He had the remains of dessert and coffee on the table, so I figured that he'd had dinner there while waiting for me. He looked even better under the florescent lights of the diner. His five o'clock shadow had lengthened and gave his face a more severe look, but those eyes lit up when I sat down opposite him.

"Hi," he said. His obvious nervousness put a whole new spin on the evening. Perhaps I was in for one fine night.

"Hi, yourself," I retorted and heard his amused chuckle. "How was dinner?"

"Good. The food here is almost always good." He looked down at his coffee cup.

"Why were you chuckling when you pulled me over?" I asked bluntly.

He grinned. "I've watched you pull into that college parking lot before. I know your car." That chuckle again. "I was hoping you'd fuck up one day . . . and you did."

"A stalker, huh?" I tried to sound casual, but I was stunned. "You know, I've been scared to death all night."

"And I've been sweating out your reaction." He smiled warmly. "I'll admit to being nervous, scared, frustrated . . . and a whole slew of other things that I haven't felt in years." He finished in a little rush.

"Me, too," I said, wondering if I'd heard him right. "I couldn't believe that you . . . of all people, you . . . "

"'Oscar. Kinda wild.' That was good."

"Thanks, but it was really unintentional. I use it as a joke around my friends." I shuddered as I was overcome with relief and expectancy. "But you . . . "

"I'm divorced and finally living the life I've always dreamed about."

"Oh? Tell me."

"Well, I really don't have any family left. My wife left me a little over five years ago, when I was fifty-one. She found out. Everyone at work who matters to me knows about me. And the rest don't matter because of my rank and seniority. Fuck 'em. I'm up for retirement this summer anyway."

"Jesus, openly gay," I muttered. "You sure don't look it."

"So what about you?"

It felt good to know that someone wanted to know about my life. I cleared my throat with quiet drama, eliciting another chuckle from my unusual admirer. "Well, my parents died when I was sixteen; I'm twenty-eight now and just finishing my sophomore year down the road. In their will, the money from the estate and insurance policies provide for me to go to college, but I'm only just now getting into it. I worked around the state for awhile trying to get over their deaths. Wasted a lot of time. But finally I decided that I can't get over losing them, that I can only keep on living."

"We have a lot in common. I know what that's like. I lost my parents when I was in my forties, but it still hurts."

We both nodded as we silently reflected on sad memories.

I heard him clear his throat and looked up just as he sheepishly asked, "Would you like to come home with me?"

"Oh, God, yes," I said a little too quickly. "Whoops. Too eager, huh?"

"No, no." He laughed. "Eager is just fine."

A few minutes later John pulled his private car into a pine tree-lined driveway and parked in front of a large, double-wide mobile home with a permanent foundation. I parked my car behind him. In back was a small barn with two horses that whinnied at the sound of car doors opening and closing.

"Wow," I said. "And we're not even out of town yet."

"This area is undeveloped so far, but in another year it'll be all tract homes." He led the way to the front door and unlocked it. Turning on a light, he stepped back to let me inside.

I saw that the house was furnished rather nicely and with some care. There was a lot of solid wood furniture—maybe not the most expensive kind, but still of good quality.

John hugged me firmly from behind then turned me around and kissed me. His embrace tightened, and his tongue began working its way further and further into the back of my mouth. I could taste the essence of peppermint from an after dinner mint.

We pulled apart and stood at a relaxed arm's length away, each of us grinning.

"You eat before class?" he asked.

"No, but I had something during break."

"Coffee?"

"Sure. I could use some."

"Well, you fix it. It's all by the sink. I've got to get out of this uniform. It's been a long day," he called back to me as he walked down a hallway toward a bedroom. "Make yourself comfortable. Take off what you like. I am."

Okay, I thought. *Comfortable it is.*

A short time later, he came into the kitchen as I was washing the second cup. I had found only two, and one was dirty. I turned to look at him, expecting to see a look of surprise when he saw me in just a pair of jeans with my shirt unbuttoned. "Whoa," I managed to say as I found him dressed in a pair of cut-off shorts that left little to the imagination.

His nipples were nested in a forest of soft-looking grey and black hair that covered his entire body. His arms, especially his forearms, were muscled and tan. And those legs! They were well-shaped and toned and belonged on a statue, or better still, next to me in bed.

He smiled shyly and turned around to turn on a lamp that was just inside the living room from the kitchen. He bent over slightly, and I nearly dropped the cups I was putting inside the microwave oven. His ass was perfectly shaped, round and firm. I'm not one to fuck a man, preferring instead to lay back and enjoy the inevitable, as one idiot had said. But an ass like that deserved some kind of worship, and I had in mind just the thing.

He came back into the kitchen and walked over to me just as the microwave was calling me back from my stupor. I turned to get the cups out as he brushed up behind me. He slipped his hands around my chest and started stroking my nipples lightly. I giddily succumbed to him as I struggled to place the cups on the counter without spilling them. He kissed me once again, rubbing up against my slightly hairy body, pushing my shirt aside as his arms wrapped around me.

A couple of minutes later, both of us sat at the table with raging hard-ons, drinking coffee and sort of dreamily staring at one another. He put his cup down and held a big hand out to me.

"But I haven't finished my coffee," I said in a mock whine.

"You can finish it in the morning, or later . . . if you want to stay." His voice was husky and sent waves of pleasure through me.

"Well, the college is closed tomorrow."

"I have off until Monday."

"And I thought *I* was impulsive," I chuckled, getting up from the table.

"I'm sorry . . . " he started.

But I cut him off. "It's okay by me."

"Well, then," he said grandly, softly, as he led me into the bedroom, where the bed was turned down and the only light was the one from the bathroom.

He took off his shorts and got into the bed. Taking off and throwing my shirt to the floor, I walked easily over to the bed and started to take off my jeans. He smiled, patted the bed, and reached for the top button. I quickly got the idea and stretched out on the bed, squirming in its softness as he started undoing my buttons. Each popping of a button was followed by a kiss on my chest, each nipple, my stomach, each side of my groin. My jeans completely unbuttoned, he pulled them down.

He moved to the foot of the bed and pulled both my jeans and my underwear off and dropped them at the foot of the bed. I looked down my body, past my stiff cock, to John. He stood there, his long thick cock standing out perpendicular to his body. It was couched in a thick mass of dark, black hair. His balls were heavy, full-looking. The hair on his balls was long and silky, mostly grey. I vowed to myself that I would drain his genital fluids quite a few times before Monday.

He slowly began to crawl up the bed to cover me with the warmth of his bearish body. I whimpered with pleasure as he fit himself on top of me. He placed the majority of his weight on his knees and elbows, as his arms snaked around and pulled me into his warm kisses.

He gently parted my lips with his tongue, then made love to my mouth and entire face. I responded by writhing against him, and soon we were both rubbing our bodies together with increasing friction. He began thrusting his cock into my balls, which were trapped above and between my legs. The sensation was mildly painful but felt like the beginnings of the road to paradise. My balls like serious attention.

Our groins slick with precum, John slid down and began licking it off my crotch while placing two fingers in my mouth. I sucked his thick fingers as his tongue laved my balls. As I moaned encouragement, he began to lightly bite my balls. I moaned harder; he bit harder. I trembled wildly, impelling his mouth to cover my cock down to the base, his lips closing hard around the end of my shaft. As I considered that the suction he applied could have circumcised a man, I almost came.

Sensing this, he backed off, breathing hard and pulling his fingers out of my mouth. Rising to quickly kiss me, he placed one of his slick fingers against my sphincter and eased it inside. I squirmed, both out of pleasure and pain. Sensing my discomfort, he pulled the finger out and replaced it with his tongue, pushing my legs up until my knees almost touched my chest. His tongue slowly spiraled around my clean opening. I could feel his mustache pressing against the sensitive area between my balls and sphincter as his tongue strongly probed my opening. I started gasping and reached for my cock. He playfully slapped my hand away. I laughed and began rubbing my hands over my chest in wild frustration.

Slicking his fingers with our juices, he slipped two of them inside me, stretching me open and sending me on my way to climax. The pleasure he gave me from that one act started racing in waves from the point of contact to stimulate every nerve ending in my body with delicious fire. I began crying out while my cock started throbbing. He took the head and most of my shaft into his mouth and clamped his lips hard. I cried out and came in long, hot shots that had nowhere to go but down his throat.

Growling like a bear in heat, he pulled off my still-throbbing cock to again cover me like a warm, soft, fuzzy blanket. But he kept moving until he was crouched over my face, balls on my mouth. I began licking and slurping until I gasped for breath. Laughing, he turned around, presenting me with his ass and that inviting hairy valley.

As I began to work my way through the fuzz, he kept up a steady stream of verbal agreement and encouragement: "Oh, yeah, man, lick that ass, man. Eat me raw, dig deep and eat me raw." Or something like that. I was happy and eager to oblige. His ass tasted salty, sweaty, but otherwise clean. John's mumbling and breathing grew more rapid and urgent. He was pumping on his cock at an ever increasing rate, smearing his ass over my face. At last he cried out loud enough to startle not only me but the snickering horses.

Quickly he placed his cock at the edge of my lips; my head lurched up to grab as much as I could. I got a little over half way and gagged, backed off, then tried again. This time I held my place and started running my tongue over all I could reach. My lips alternately contracted and relaxed, on and off, continuing the motion he'd begun with his hand. And then I could feel the torrent of his cum as it filled my mouth and easily slid down my throat.

His throbbing calmed, he pulled out and looked at me with a glowing face. I was sure that I had the same kind of glow. We were both covered with sweat. John pulled my head to his chest and held me close.

We slept most of the night like that, on top of the covers, until some time before dawn when we both got up to piss. Then, instead of making love again, we kissed tenderly until I fell asleep while he was still kissing me.

And that's how he woke me the next morning.

Over breakfast, I could tell that he had something to say. "What?" I asked.

"I'm thinking impulsive thoughts again," he said softly.

"Oh? Anything I might want to hear?"

"When do you finish school?"

"In May, at the end of this semester. Then, thanks to the provisions of my parent's will, I can go on to finish my bachelor's in Austin at U.T."

"You know, I was planning on retiring upstate, maybe work for a security firm. Gonna sell this place and the horses, too. It's worth quite a lot with the tract homes going in. I won't have to work, but I will . . . just to keep out of trouble."

"Where were you thinking about going?"

"Dallas, maybe Ft. Worth . . . Austin . . . " He looked at me askance.

"Oh," was all I could think of to say. I tried to look him in the eye, but he looked away.

We'd both admitted to being impulsive, but for me, my impulses had never led me wrong; I'd have to find out about John.

"Any homework this weekend, Oscar?"

"No," I said, looking at him quizzically. I laughed, mostly to myself, then decided to let him in on the joke. "One of the few things my dad used to say to me was just what you said. He didn't talk much, but he was still a great dad."

"Oh," John said. It was his turn to be awkward. "But," he continued with a grin, "do you have any homework?"

"Yeah," I admitted, sorry for the reminder of reality. "My creative writing instructor gave us this stupid assignment to write a very descriptive, very true story from our own life."

"Well," he began, drawing out the word, "how do you feel about porno?" He started chuckling, shaking his whole frame as he walked over to me. It wasn't until he started hugging me that

I caught on to what he was laughing at. We stood, embracing, rubbing lips and cocks together. Already the idea of how to plot it out was forming in my mind. As for the future, the time beyond that weekend and a completed assignment sure to earn me an A, I knew that I wouldn't be alone in Austin.

"Oh, Oscar," John called to me as I was getting into my car that misty Monday morning. "You still have to pay for the ticket." He handed my license back and chuckled. "No more late to class and speeding, 'cause I'll be watching you." As I stared at my license, he started laughing and got into his car.

As we turned out of the driveway, he was still laughing as he looked back at me through his rear-view mirror.

Somehow I knew that he'd be waiting for me when I got out of class that night.

*ROYCE is a 30-year-old school teacher and writer who lives in Houston with a mature man who is the love of his life.*

# FACE ON THE CEILING
## Poetry by E.A. AMOS

I sat beneath the pepper trees,
My head in my hands.
How the frogs cried!
Did I tell you he had eyes
Like 2 in the morning kind?
Wild animal, like a lemur's.
Encompassing eyes,
Like magnets drawing a steel ball.
Machine kind of eyes.
Eyes now sealed in death.

I sit in my room and watch on window panes,
Traffic etched in golden glow on streets,
Wet with a warm June rain.

It is his face I see, floating there, here, there.
It's ectoplasmic, above me, to the side, now below.
I reach.
Nothing!
My pain, a carrion smell breathing out,
A gangrene cut with the bandage off.
A mirror splinters, my tired face with it.
Searching among the dust of my pain,
I see him clearly.
Was it only yesterday he left?
The roof caves in.
The water bill long overdue.
Will time flush what remains?

Pressing my face against the pillow,
I wave against the swaying image.
And in the morning,
When the pour of sun reigns,
And my senses are my own . . . .
He returns!

*E.A. AMOS is a very special, 60-year-old Pisces who lives with his lover of 14 years in the Monterey Bay Area of California. He is recovering from a recent heart attack, yet he continues to take care of his partner , now in his fourth year of full-blown AIDS.*

# A NEW SPECIAL IS COMING NOVEMBER 15, 1992!

CR announces a completely different format for our next special issue and all the ones that follow. In order to avoid confusion in book stores, we have created a totally different magazine titled **CR CLASSICS**, which will be published in May and November of each year and will contain a full-length novel and some of our best color photography.

Here is what some of our most challenging critics are saying about our new novel for the Fall/Winter Issue of **CR CLASSICS**, *REDEMPTION FOR A SATYR*, available on November 15, 1992:

"Most of us are aware that many mature men discover, or are liberated in some way to discover, their true sexual preference late in life. Colley has written a gripping, exciting and very realistic story based on that theme. He follows Barney's painful but optimistic "coming out" odyssey, with its variety of disappointments, compulsions and conquests. But it is a very sexual journey for the reader also; Colley gives free reign to his unique talents to depict wonderfully arousing scenes, graphically describing Barney's powerful sexuality and his drive to satisfy a sexual hunger for his type of men, a hunger which had to be satisfied once Barney acknowledged his real needs.

"It is a very human story, showing us the pitfalls of sexual naivete, as well as compulsive and selfish behavior. But Colley goes beyond those human limitations; REDEMPTION is exciting because it is hopeful and romantic. Barney is very fallible but a determined seeker of love who eventually learns the difference between respectful love and compulsive lust after a series of explosive and enlightening episodes. We're sure that lots of us can identify with and probably even reminisce about many of the experiences we had in common with Barney as we were growing up sexually and emotionally at whatever age." *Charles Chiarelli and John McNeill*

"*REDEMPTION FOR THE SATYR* is unlike any novel I've ever read. Having recently consumed the original version, *BARNEY*, last published in January of 1988 (it was serialized from the first issue of SWAN back in 1986), I was quite surprised at my reaction to *REDEMPTION*. Colley's transformation as a writer is astounding. Oh, the *BARNEY* version is good, all right. In spite of its lack of professional editing and depth of characterizations, it is erotic, provocative and very satisfying. *REDEMPTION*, on the other hand is all those thing, complete with impressive polish and extraordinary characterizations . . . plus much, much more.

"In the lead character, Barney, I see myself when I first became a widower and realized that my life would have to drastically change in order for me to find deliverance within the allotted time I had left. And who the hell knew what that would be? Time means everything to Barney. It's valuable, and there is precious little of it to devote to trial and error. He has to go with his gut and keep moving until his "heart approaches what it yearns" and finds a home. I weep for and laugh with Barney as he finds all of it out the hard way.

"*REDEMPTION* is an about-face from *SANCTUM, MOONFINCH, ZONES* and *KNOWING SATURN* in that Barney has no dark side of his psyche to explore, no heart-pounding, terrorizing struggle to endure. A basically decent senior citizen with a healthy libido, he already knows what he wants but

doesn't know how to go about getting it. There are pitfalls everywhere and even one life-and-death situation, but he brings it all on himself in his zeal to find his . . . redemption. As usual, Colley knocks your socks off with an unexpected plot twist and an ending that will have your tongue hanging out and your cock leaking that nasty stuff that stains trousers. Don't read it at work." EXOCET

See the order form in back for pricing if you have not already upgraded your subscription to include special issues.

An excerpt from REDEMPTION FOR THE SATYR, a novel by P. H. Colley . . .

I slowly passed Jerry's house, which appeared unoccupied. At once relieved and disappointed, I headed back toward the freeway, only to encounter a maroon Electra going in the opposite direction. With quickened pulse, I drove around the block and returned to the house just as Jerry's wife dropped him off and took off again.

Parking the car directly across the street, I stared at the house as a mixture of dread and cock-throbbing excitement crept over me. Locked back inside my obsession, I wondered where it would lead. How far would I go this time? I felt powerless to stop myself.

Minutes later, the front drapes opened and Jerry walked by in running shorts. Shortly thereafter, I heard the sound of a gas-driven lawn mower from behind a high redwood fence.

I got out of the car and approached what looked like a gate without a handle. Looking through the cracks, I saw that the gate was secured with a simple latch. *Get inside the goddamn car and drive away, you stupid jerk!* A war began inside me. *Do it! Go inside! Ravish him! Catharsis!* I picked up a small branch from a nearby pine tree and stuck it through the crack, unlatching the gate. And then he was only yards away from me, mowing the lawn, oblivious to my presence.

I quietly latched the gate behind me and beheld him. He looked good. His body was still the same: well-muscled, bearish . . . awesome.

He reached the far end of the lawn then turned and started toward me. Spotting me as he reached the center of the yard, he stopped, staring at me in utter disbelief as I strode to him and shut off the machine with my foot.

I looked at him hungrily and smiled, disarming him more. He opened his mouth to say something, but the words never came out.

Stepping closer, I touched his right nipple, sending rippling spasms across his chest.

"Where did she go?" I asked breathlessly.

"Back to work." His voice was hoarse and thin.

I licked his salty breasts and caressed his muscular back and buttocks, feeling them tighten and quiver. I pulled down his flimsy running shorts and watched as his fat penis began to swell.

Jerry found his voice. "I must bring out the monster in you," he said as his scrotum tightened and blood filled his penis to turgid hardness.

"Yes," I hissed, squatting and sliding the pulsating cock carefully down my throat.

As the sun came out hot from behind a cloud, he pushed me away and watched in fascination as his wet cock glistened in the sunlight. I met his gaze and couldn't find the revulsion and fear that I'd encountered before. I was now looking into the eyes of a man in complete control.

He pulled me up to my feet and roughly unbuttoned my shirt, popping off two buttons. Unzipping my fly, he roughly pulled down my trousers and underwear and studied my ample, equally hard cock. He kneeled and stared at it.

Stunned, I could only watch his eyes follow my cock as it swayed up and down. Finally realizing that I had altered him much more than previously thought, I traced the outline of his lips with my cock, leaving a gloss of precum. His lips slightly parted and I prodded them gently until they parted more. Slipping my cockhead inside his mouth, I could sense an acute tension and saw an element of fear coming to his eyes. I backed away until the tension passed, then tried it again. The tension returned, but it was less intense. Again I pulled back. Upon the third attempt, Jerry allowed my cock to remain inside his frozen mouth for several seconds.

Not wanting to go further, I pulled away and urged him to his feet. But just as my knees buckled to kneel again, he ushered me to a chaise longue atop a wooden deck. Gently forcing me to lie down, he took my cock inside his mouth again and allowed his tongue to glide around my shaft. He stopped and looked up at me. "You won't come inside . . . "

I smiled. "I won't. Promise."

He resumed sucking my cock in earnest. He moaned and writhed. And then it occurred to me that he was about to shoot.

Pulling away from me, he grabbed his cock and squeezed. "I don't think I can . . . " He pounced upward, straddling my neck, and collapsed the chaise. He rammed his penis into my mouth repeatedly; his leg, arm, chest and abdominal muscles flexed and trembled. As he came hotly into my mouth, several of his joints popped; his eyes rolled up in their sockets; his lids fluttered.

I masturbated fiercely until thick, opaque semen gushed outward, covering my hand and balls.

Jerry collapsed on the deck, breathing heavily.

I stood over him, examining him, desiring him again. He looked sober, and the exhausted smile on his face confirmed that I wasn't the monster I thought I was after all. I looked within myself and sensed that the guilt had been purged. My only regret at the moment was that it had all happened too fast.

I spotted a hose and faucet and proceeded to wash my groin. "Do you still feel fucked up?"

"No," he answered without hesitation, his eyes closed.

"You know," I began, trying to catch my breath. "You do bring out the monster in me."

"It works both ways," said Jerry, shielding his eyes and squinting at me.

"Will you be all right?"

"Oh, yeah," he said cheerfully. "I'm sober again and I think I have a job offer coming soon." He closed his eyes again. "I'll be all right . . . provided you're not within a hundred miles."

"You were my responsibility," I explained. "I had to come back to see if you'd made it. And I had to have you one last time."

He smiled. "I'll make it. I've faced the demon, thanks to you. I'll never forget you."

I dried myself off with a towel from another chaise longue and got back into my clothes. Dressed, I knelt over Jerry and kissed him on the lips. "Nor will I ever forget you, Jerry."

I walked to the gate and never looked back. I was convinced that I had walked out of his life for good.

# THE FRACTURED MYTHOLOGY OF KEMUSH

**Zeus as Zaydon, the livid lily . . .** This picture bears witness that Zeus was in all actuality the first man-eating plant! He espied a horny horticulturist hell-bent on cross-pollination. In quick transformational mode, Zeus promptly lulled him into a stupor with pollen and peter dust. Though rarely happening today, tabloids occasionally report incidents of dazed male nudes, stumbling out of deep underbrush, covered all over with purple stamen and pistil bruises.

KEMUSH is in his early sixties and has lived with fellow artist, BILL THREE, for 26 years. He collects Southwest Indian art and paints dazzling nude portraits of men of color. We will feature some in full color in a future issue.

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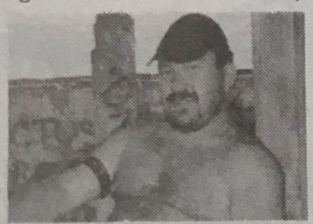

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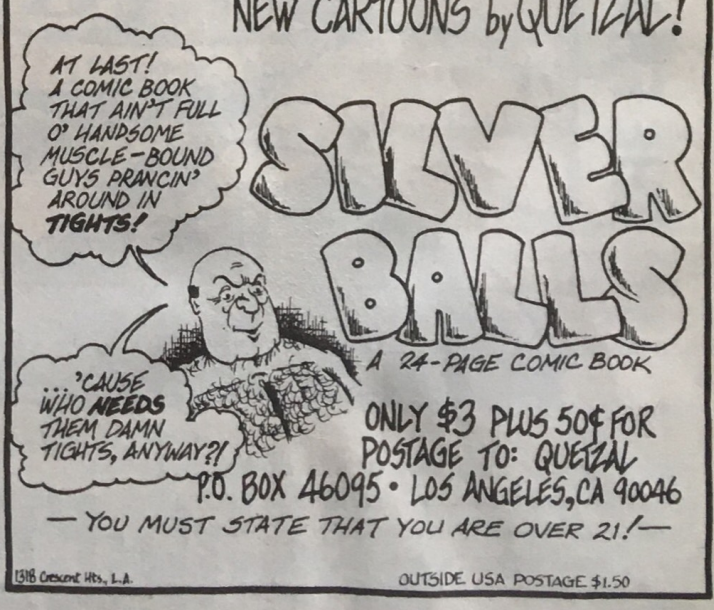
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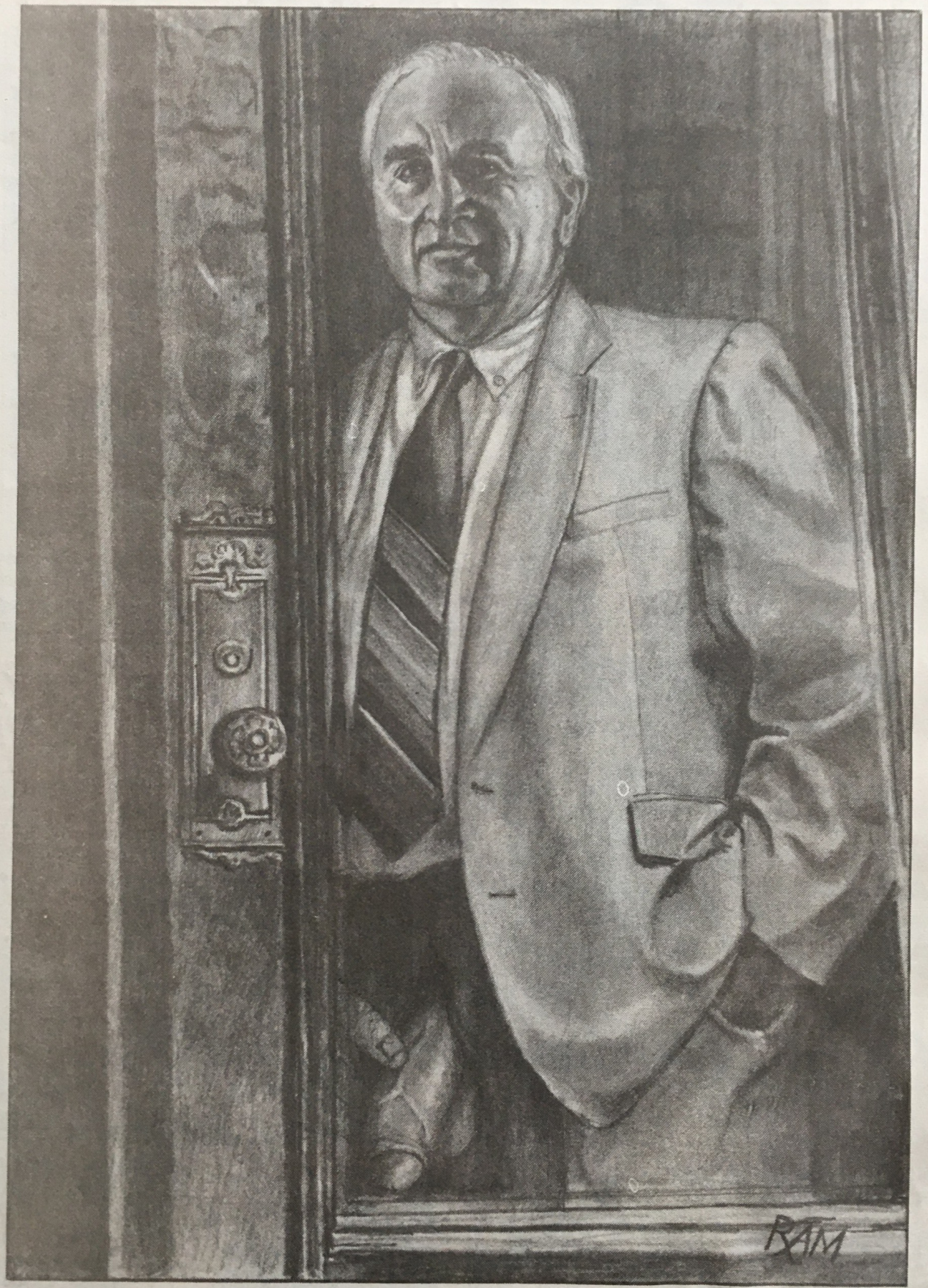
# MAX ANDRUS

**PHOTO BY POLO**

This Southern California homeowner finds himself recently singled after 25 years. He loves the outdoors and heavy-set Bears.

# THE ARTWORK OF RAM




**THE SAME GUY WAS STANDING THERE AGAIN, JUST INSIDE THE DOOR OF MY BUILDING. ONLY THIS TIME . . . !!**

RAM hardly needs an introduction if you've followed CR for awhile. He has few peers, as you can surmise. This magnificent artist lives with his partner in Illinois and Florida and loves to garden and paint.

# THE CR CLASSIFIEDS

**IMPORTANT . . . PLEASE READ THIS**

1. COMMERCIAL RESPONSE TO PERSONAL ADS: The express purpose of our personal ads is to aid our readers in finding friends and mates. Any ads of a commercial nature must be placed in the commercial section. Readers responding to personal ads may not use such opportunity to distribute commercial materials. We reserve the right to deny advertising and forwarding privileges to any person found doing this.

2. PERSONAL ADVERTISER'S RESPONSIBILITY: Personal advertisers are urged to answer all mail received, provided the responder is generally the type of person targeted in the ad. We will deny advertising and forwarding privileges to flagrant, repeat offenders.

3. PUBLISHER'S LIMITATION OF RESPONSIBILITY: We take no responsibility for any undesirable relationship or experience resulting from the use of our classified ads, be they personal or commercial. We will monitor all ads and refuse to publish those which obviously imply fraud or peril. Very unsavory people have been known to use publications to victimize readers and advertisers. Seemingly innocent ads designed to lure as many readers as possible into a criminal scam or government sting operation are sometimes placed in erotic magazines. These people also respond to the ads of others with the same come-on. We urge our readers to use these ads with the utmost caution and common sense.

4. AGE REQUIREMENT: All responders and advertisers must be 18 or over. The exclusion of an age limitation in any ad does not constitute an invitation to minors.

5. OUTDATED ADS: Do not answer ads in back issues. People move and post office boxes change hands. Your letter could end up in the wrong hands.

6. SEXUALLY EXPLICIT ADS: We will not publish ads with sexually explicit or coarse language designed more for shock value than for attracting a partner. We reserve the right to edit, rewrite or reject ads.

7. INSTRUCTIONS FOR ANSWERING CODED ADS, which are those with **BOLD** code names at the end of the ad and no address:

a. Write, stamp and seal your letter inside a discreet envelope. Make sure you have enough postage for overweight and foreign letters. YOUR RETURN ADDRESS MUST BE ON THE LETTER. If you do not have access to U.S. stamps, send $1 or 2 international reply coupons for every 3 letters.

b. **IN PENCIL ONLY**, lightly write the codeword in the center of the envelope.

c. Place your letter(s) inside a larger envelope and mail to CR at P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

8. INSTRUCTIONS FOR WRITING MODELS, WRITERS AND OTHER CONTRIBUTORS: Same as #7.

**NOTE: Unforwardable letters will be returned with brief explanation on back of envelope. Stamped letters not meeting the above requirements will be returned with no explanation. Letters with no stamps affixed will be shredded.**

## ALABAMA

(10/92) SOUTH ALABAMA: GWM, 32, 5'-10", 160#, black/blue, financially secure, seeks over 40, 5'-6" to 5'-10", 220-300#, hairy chest/belly. Well endowed a plus. Photo please. Write: **SOUTHWIND**

(NS12/92) BIRMINGHAM: Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi. Black male, 31, 6'-5", 190#, seeks big, white, masculine bear for relationship. Top preferred, passionate, tall, over 220#, beard, belly okay. Well endowed a plus. Photo and phone or letter with description of likes and dislikes, please. Write: C.D.E.M., P.O. Box 321591, Birmingham, AL 35232.

## ARIZONA

(10/92) ARIZONA: GWM, 63, 200#, 6 ft.. Looking for permanent relationship. You willing to relocate, 40 to 65. Looks and size okay. Enjoy all sex. Loving, loyal, straight appearing. Own my home and business in small village located in forest and mountains. Ed, HCR Box 180-0, Payson, AZ 85541

(10/92) ARIZONA DIRTY OLD MAN: 65, 6'-1", about 230#, wants to meet others, over 50, of the same persuasion, for mutual fun, friendship and adventure. Previous experience not necessary. Write: **BRADFORD**

## NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

(10/92) SAN FRANCISCO/NATIONWIDE: GWM, young 60, short, stocky, bald, hairy, hung, healthy (HIV negative). I am strictly a TOP and am seeking men under 50 for safe sex. Enjoy light S&M. Not interested in relationship. Occasional business travels to major U.S. cities. Write: John, P.O. Box 31335, San Francisco, CA 94131-0335.

(10/92) DADDY WANTED: Sexy, attractive, honest, professional, athletic GAM, 20s, seks a 40+ discreet gentleman to love, please and fulfill my fantasies. I have great respect and admiration for mature men. I also love your body. You must appreciate the companionship of a younger person. Jon, P.O. Box 92, San Jose, CA 95103. Picture please (returnable). Nude welcomed.

(10/92) TIME-SHARE WITH SOMEONE SPECIAL: 51, retired, 5'-11", 200# (and losing) brown eyes, salt & pepper hair and beard (more salt than pepper), HIV negative, uncut, prefer the same, but not a must. Enjoy collectables, walking, the moon, romantic times and places, travel. Am looking for 45+ nonsmoker, drug-free companion to share life and love. Write: **MYKAEL/CONCORD**

(NS2/93) SEEK TOTAL TOP for lasting monogamous relationship. I'm 61, HIV negative, attractive, tall, trim. Always horny for total submission. Need authoritarian, any age, sensuous, into dominance, control and power. Photo appreciated. DW, P.O. Box 472, Mill Valley, CA 94942.

(12/92) SAN FRANCISCO BAY AREA: GWM, 44, 5'-9", 165#, black/brown, beard, hairy, average hung, HIV negative, versatile, very oral. Seeks mature men, 45+, for friendship/relationship. Any weight or size. Photo appreciated. Write: Brian, P.O. Box 424065, San Francisco, CA 94142.

(10/92) RETIRED? ON SOCIAL SECURITY OR FINANCIALLY INDEPENDENT? Do you want to live better in a nice town north of Sacramento but below Redding? This 66-year-old GWM, HIV negative, would like to share his home with another who is French active and Greek passive and wants to be bottom at home but companion outside. Combined income could make great life for both. Enjoy sports as spectator and like outdoor activities such as camping and fishing. Let's grow old together. Photo and phone to: K.W.S., P.O. Box 8503, Red Bluff, CA 96080.

(12/92) CENTRAL/NORTHERN CALIFORNIA: GWM, 38, 5'-9", 185#, grey-brown hair, blue eyes, clean-shaven, pro-

fessional, active private pilot, physically fit, adventurous, seeks clean-shaven 50-70-year-old man of courage, dignity, respect and honor for companionship and possible relationship. Photo appreciated. J. Bacchus, 372 Florin Road #129, Sacramento, CA 95831.

(2/93) I'M AT THAT AWKWARD AGE: GWM, 37, 6'-1", 160#, salt & pepper hair and mustache, smooth. Too old for some, too young for others. I seek hairy, mustachioed men, 45 plus (and plus!) for romance and fantasy. Please, California men only. I live on the Central Coast and would love to meet someone "in the neighborhood." Your picture gets mine. Have leather, will travel! Write! **BIFF**

(2/93) SILVER HAIR, CONSIDERED CUTE: GWM, non-straight acting. Me: in late 60s, look 53, feel 40, HIV negative, 5'-7-1/2", 165#, proportioned build, firm body, good health, honest. Have secure, lovely view home, Bay Area California. Not into gay bar scene. Enjoy travel; theater; restaurants; humor; quiet, affectionate, romantic, loving evenings at home; and mutual, safe bottom play. I'm a nonsmoker, not into drugs, but social drinker. You: younger, with qualities similar to above and wanting to commit to long term loving relationship. Your picture and phone gets mine. **SINCERE**

(2/93) BAY AREA: 23-year-old graduate student, recently out and a "virgin," seeks mature, stable, masculine friend to teach me about gay life, outside the bedroom more than in. If you are between 35 and 60, hairy, bearded, and anywhere from ex-powerlifter build to just plain stocky, I have love to share. **SEBASTIAN**

(10/92) SAN FRANCISCO/NORTHERN CALIFORNIA: Discreet, clean, well-mannered, good-looking, well-proportioned, lonely Japanese, 41, 5'-10", 157#, seeks that special gentleman, 55+, who is masculine, sincere, graceful, well-educated, intelligent, debonair-looking, mature--someone with whom I would like to develop a lifetime relationship and cherish the joy of sharing a romantic, meaningful life together with respect. Please reply with photo. Write: **SHINING GENJI**

**SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA**

(10/92) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA/HIGH DESERT: WM, 55, 6'-1", 235#, rugged, masculine, moustache, single, nonsmoker, nudist. Seeks younger than myself, any race, well-proportioned body, stable. Fair blonds a plus. No drug users or heavy drinkers. Write: **BAREKAT**

(10/92) LONELY IN LONG BEACH: Will some nice guy, age 65 or over, come and share my home? I am a young 76-year-old man of average size. I am A/P French and need a friend. Write: Jack Kepr, 325 W. 3rd St., #109, Long Beach, CA 90802.

(10/92) HIGH DESERT ABOVE PALM SPRINGS: Masculine Hispanic man, 56, 5'-6", 185#, healthy, easy-going, sincere, romantic, passionate, good sense of humor, very oral. Likes to have fun with men 55+ (no limit). Prefer heavy men. No kink or pain. Write: **THE LATIN**

(NS4/93) EUROPEAN: GWM, 35, 5'-7", 145#, looking for older guy, 50+ for friend and more--someone who is clean-shaven and in good shape and who likes to hold and touch and be loved. Write: **EUROPEAN**

(10/92) HIGH DESERT: BiWM, 54, 5'-8", 198#, silver hair, moustache, very muscular and rugged, orally bisexual, looking for white male, straight or bi, preferably married, who is looking for expert oral fun on the way to Las Vegas. Reciprocation not necessary. Convenient to Highway 18 and Interstate 15. Write: **MAN'S MAN**

(12/92) TON TON: Black, looking for friendships, lovers, etc., educated. Seek GWM, GLM, GBM (Jewish a plus). I'm 6 ft., 160#, smoker, light drinker. Love to cuddle and kiss and try to be a good lover. Age no barrier. I like things artistic, intellectual, VCR, records, etc. Write: David W. Brown, 5593-1/2 Village Green, Los Angeles, CA 90016.

(10/92) SAN DIEGO: Native Italian, 75, 5'-6", 130#, endowed, solid body, nonsmoker, educated, well-travelled, healthy. Seeks 300# male, over 40, healthy, living in San Diego. Jonathan Winters, Charles Kuralt types. Photo and phone number welcomed. Call: Paul, (619) 291-8966.

(2/93) ORANGE COUNTY: I am 5'-9", 165#, brown eyes, salt & pepper hair, honest and sincere, Omar Shariff look. Seeking 55 and older, 185 to 210#, 6 ft and over, honest and sincere, masculine, mustache, beard, and red or silver hair for possible relationship. No drugs. HIV negative. Call (714) 472-8667. Ask for Zee.

(10/92) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA/ENVIRONS: Masculine WM, 55, 185#, 6 ft, nudist, athletic, enjoy outdoors. Seeking HIV negative, 50+ big bears, 230++, fun loving, like "Coach Biggs," LONE WOLF, RAM artwork. **MAX ANDRUS**

(2/93) JAPANESE IN SAN DIEGO: 48, 5'-5", 140#, HIV negative, semiretired, easy-going, sincere, love travel and theater. Wishes to meet heavy-set, 50-68, top (preferably), white male. Will answer all replies. Please write with photo to: **LITTLE TOKYO**

(NS10/92) CALIFORNIA & NATIONWIDE: I wonder if there is someone out there who needs a discreet friend and companion and secondly a retired horticulturist and international traveler interested in folk and classical music, birds, plants and animals. I'm presently living on a high floor of a San Diego apartment building and am frustrated and desirous to once again get in touch with Mother Earth and perhaps a very special person. I'm bored with the monotony of seasons here and fantasizing that the East Coast or upper Midwest would be a welcome change. I have a working knowledge of almost everything that it takes to run large botanical property and, although not rich, am completely self-supporting. I am a senior citizen, extremely active, the gymnasium every day and all that, and am presently teaching singing on a part-time schedule. Who are you, where are you? I'm calling out for a very special person! Please include a telephone number and we'll have a talk. Write: E. M., P.O. Box 34187, San Diego, CA 92163.

(10/92) FELLATIO EXPERT NEEDED: You: sensual, gentle, deep-throated, GWM. Me: Pasadena resident, Caucasian, extra tall, trim, masculine, virile, friendly, non-promiscuous lifestyle. Healthy, clean, discreet, fifty. Are you withdrawn? Lonely? Perfectly acceptable. Please write: Larry Roberts, Box 4124, Downey, CA 90241.

(NS10/92) LOS ANGELES AREA: I'm 30, 5'-9", 155#, blond hair, blue eyes, masculine, and honest. I'm looking for an older man who has a very hairy crotch, big bush, hairy balls, or lots of pubic hair. Age, race, weight, endowment are not important to me. Handicapped or disabled okay. Write: Paul, 1238 N. Genesee, West Hollywood, CA 90046. Telephone: (213) 876-2408.

**CONNECTICUT**

(2/93 BURLY, FURRY BEAR? GWM, 48, 6'-2", 185#, smooth, sexy bear-lover is looking for you! Jan, Box 851, Danbury, CT 06813, or (203) 794-0868.

**DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA**

(12/92) ABE: You've seen my ads, artwork and photo in the past. If you're older, sexy, hung and masculine, write me. I have a lot to offer. Your photo gets mine. Abraham D. Serrato, P.O. Box 33001, Washington, DC 20033-0001.

## FLORIDA

(10/92) SARASOTA/NATIONWIDE: Still a lonesome old (smooth) teddy bear, 65. Like to cook. Love bed. Belt okay. Want sweet Daddy to cherish. Ted, 763 John Ringling Blvd., #B-8, Sarasota, FL 34236.

(NS10/92) HISPANIC TODDLER SEEKS TOP BEAR: Puerto Rican, 25 years young, 5'-9", husky, mildly furry, from Orlando, looking for white top dad to teach me the loving and caring of a bear. I'm a blue collar worker who loves laughter! Let us talk. Write: C. Quinones, Box 22404, Lake Buena Vista, FL 32830.

## GEORGIA

(8/93) SEEKS YOUNGER MEN: GWM, 62, 5'-6 1/2", 245#, chubby and cuddly, wishes to meet all races, legal to 30 years old. Prefers Asians, blacks and Hispanics, but all are welcome. Travel extensively. No place in the world too far. Photo a must. Write: **GEORGIA PEACH**

(12/92) ATLANTA BIG BEAR SEEKS NEW FRIENDS: 6'-5", 300#, 30, non-drug/smoke. Likes long walks, cuddling, dogs and making new friends. Older, furry gentlemen a plus! Drop me a note. Photo appreciated. Write: Ted, P.O. Box 8194, Atlanta, GA 30306.

(10/92) STATESBORO: Gay senior couple looking for gay cook and helper to share home. Must be 65 or older, clean, nonsmoker, no drugs, financially secure, good health, and good cook. Please send photos. Write: John, P.O. Box 1298, Statesboro, GA 30458.

## ILLINOIS

(12/92) HEAVY OLDER MEN: GWM, 50, 5'-8", 140#, brown/blond hair, blue eyes, 6" cut, looking for men over 50, 250 pounds plus and well-endowed. Write: J.N.O., 2238 N. Lakewood, Chicago, IL 60614.

## INDIANA

(10/92) NORTHWEST INDIANA: GWM, 34, 5'-9", 150#, brown/greying hair, balding, HIV negative. I enjoy meeting and getting naked with husky, hairy, mature men. Write: Mark, 3270 Denise Drive, #109, Portage, IN 46368.

## KENTUCKY

(10/92) FRANKFORT: Blind man, age 60, looking for pen pals. Tapes or typed letters. I have a reader. Write: HughHampton c/o Bob Cook, P.O. Box 885, Frankfort, KY 40602.

## MARYLAND

(NS4/93) MARYLAND: James, please keep in touch with me. I miss you very much. Love, Jonny 7.

(2/93) STILL LOOKING: WM, 60, 225#, 6 ft. Interests: swimming, reading, gardening, computers (new user), videos. Seek 30 and up, who are into nude, warm cuddling, kissing, caressing and caring. Am very oral. Photo appreciated. Write: Don, Box 1185, Emmitsburg, MD 21727-1185.

## MASSACHUSETTS

(12/92) OLDER HEAVY MEN: GWM, 30, 5'-11", 250#, conservative, French active, Greek passive (safe), wants to contact mature men, husky to heavy, 45+, for friendship and/or hot times. Relax while I service you. Grey, balding a plus. I travel often. Penpals welcome. Photo, phone supplied after initial contact. All responses answered. Photo appreciated. Write: Senior Support, 5 Manmar Dr. - Ste. 494, Plainville, MA 02762.

(8/93) CHEST TO CHEST/CHEEK TO CHEEK: GWM, 43, 5'-11", 180#, mustache, healthy, hairy, balding, good body, good mind, wants to meet mature men for warm, long relationships. Let's share each other. Penpals from anywhere welcome. Write: Dick, P.O. Box 756, Reading, MA 01867-0405.

(Tip to responders: Read the ad carefully. Do you fit the description of the person the advertiser is asking for?)

## MICHIGAN

(12/92) MASCULINE "CUB": 28, 5'-9", 240#, heavy built, blond, versatile, furry, seeks "Papa Bear" for hopeful lifemate. Attracted to huskies, 30 to 60, furry, BUT OPEN! Relocation discussable, especially to a farm. Write/photo: Mike, P.O. Box 615, Mt. Pleasant, MI 48804.

(10/92) MICHIGAN AREA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 51, healthy, hairy and mustached, professional, seeks sensual, virile, sincere, honest, relationship-minded, healthy man for den play plus. Under 45 and within 150 miles preferred, but penpals encouraged. Write: G.A.S., P.O. Box 530091, Livonia, MI 48153.

## MINNESOTA

(NS10/92) MIDWEST: 6 ft, 180#, professional 50, admires a heavy chest, tit work, A/P, hand/body massage, friendship, companionship. Photo to: C.E.G., Box 112, Nelson, WI 54756.

## MISSISSIPPI

(NS10/92) MISSISSIPPI GULF COAST: Dominant bear musician, 65, 6'-2", 250#, salt & pepper beard and mustache, seeks correspondence with trim males with future meeting in mind. Hoping eventually for a relationship, but enjoy safe sex and friendship, too. I can entertain. No alcohol, smoke or drugs. Photo please. The Maestro, 11349 S. Creel Circle, Gulfport, MS 39503-4000.

(10/92) NEAR NEW ORLEANS, EARLY 60S: Slender top, not bad looking, seeks good-looking, overweight lover, over 40, who likes his tits sucked and his ass fondled. Fat visitors welcome. No answer without photo and phone. Tom Horner, P.O. Box 2035, Bay St. Louis, MS 39521.

## MISSOURI

(12/92) MIDWEST/NATIONWIDE: WM, 6'-0", 200#, brown/blue-green, masculine, assertive but gentle, sensual, minimum body hair, HIV negative, healthy, uncut 6", secure, educated, professional, very discreet, retired, independent, lives alone. Seeks college students up to 70. Photo appreciated with letter. Joe H., P.O. Box 9931, St. Louis, MO 63122.

## NEW JERSEY

(10/93) SEEKING LONELY TOP: who wants friendship and affection. Masculine BiWM, 64, 5'-11", 165#, good body, good mind, dignified, caring, discreet. Interests include cultural, scientific, spiritual, sexual, intellectual. Me: Loyal friend, very affectionate, Greek passive, HIV negative. You: Enjoy controlling erotic responses. Ken (201) 592-6690, evenings and weekends.

## NEW YORK

(12/92) NEW YORK/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: Seeking 45+ top man. Me: 44-year-old Italian, bottom, hairy, mustache, 190#, 5'-11", service-oriented, looking to please mature, masculine top man with hot (safe) sex and lots of affection. Masculine, powerful, positive attitude more important than looks or stats. Your photo gets mine. Photos returned. Write: **DRONGO**

(12/92) LONG ISLAND/NY METROPOLITAN AREA: Bi-WM professional, 37, 6ft, 175#, conservative, clean-cut, clean-shaven, healthy, masculine and trim, seeks friendship and possibly more with a Bi (married okay) or GWM professional, 45-60, who is also conservative and WASPish in appearance, trim, clean-shaven, masculine and discreet. I am sincere, enjoy sports and quiet times, and am not at all into the "gay scene," bars or anything kinky. Please send letter, photograph (or photostat--either will be returned upon request) and phone. Write: **ESQUIRE**

## NORTH CAROLINA

(12/92) MASCULINE OLDER MAN WANTED (50 TO 80): A clean, discreet, nonsmoking and dependable GWM, 5'-8",

200# football coach is looking for a cuddly, short grandfather type who could use some preferential affection. Prefer clean-shaven, mature man of any profession, or retired. I can do some traveling and I can accept visitors. Photo a must (will return). Call (704)873-2702, or write: Coach Al, 768 West End Ave., Statesville, NC28677.

(4/93) NORTH CAROLINA: Affectionate bear cub, writer, artist, 25, 5'-10", 270#, brown/blue, with reddish-brown beard, moderately furry. Looking for brother bears and papa bears for warm friendship, affection and . . . ? All letters answered and correspondence welcome. Your photo/phone gets mine. All you need is to just be you. Write: Fuzztone, 300 S. Sharon Amity Rd. #304-D, Charlotte, NC 28211.

(10/92) NORTH CAROLINA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 73, 5'-7", 140#, blue/brown, 6" cut, HIV negative, retired independent professional, lives alone, assures discreet privacy. I'm gentle, affectionate, considerate, and good conversationalist with sense of humor; liberal with interests in arts, letters, sciences; hobbies include writing, crafts, classical music, and travel (domestic and abroad); seeks older, honest, mature, independent GM disposed toward friendship with intimacy; welcomes frank, detailed correspondence leading to occasional meeting or travel without permanent commitment. All letters answered. Your picture (clothed OK) gets mine. Write to KRB, P.O. Box 428, Carrboro, NC 27510.

## OHIO

(NS10/92) NATIONWIDE: WM, 48, 6 ft., 175#, professional, secure, retiring early, weightlifter, nonsmoker. Seeks masculine or hairy man, 40-65, for friendship, gentle love, and travel. Photo returned from: D.T., 811 Third Avenue, #C-2, Fremont, OH 43420.

(10/92) NORTHEAST OHIO GWM, 43, 5'-5", 160# seeks singles and couples for fun and friendship. Active and receiving French. But open-minded. I am caring, honest, hard-working and a romantic at heart. Endowed small, but always able to work. Light drink and smoke okay. No drugs. Photo and phone appreciated. Will answer all. Write: Al, P.O. Box 8631, Warren, OH 44484.

(10/92) NORTH CENTRAL OHIO/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 41, 5'-11", 205#, trim-bearded professional. Seeking husky, hairy gentleman, 40-55, for friendship and rural companionship. No drinking, smoking, drugs. Be sincere, discreet, witty. Photo appreciated. Write: **TRULY NICE GUY**

## OKLAHOMA

(10/92) **BURLY STILL RUTTISH AND SEARCHING!** I appeared on the back cover of Issue #46, and am looking for a husky to heavy-set, 55+ years, GWM, masculine fellow who is interested in getting to know a heavy-set, 41-year-old, masculine exec. I am smooth-skinned, hazel eyes, 5'-11". I love travel, books, movies, cars and LOVEMAKING. I am very versatile, affectionate and honorable. Please write with photo. All replies answered. D.B.R., P.O. Box 403, Lawton, OK 73502.

(10/92) NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: GWM, exec, 49, 6'-5", 240#, healthy, seeks similar, 39-59, for friendship, possible relationship. Affectionate, aesthetic, eclectic, sensual, romantic. You need not be Apollo or Nobel Prize winner--just an honest, average guy. If you like quiet dinners, music (classical to rock), travel, nature, walks/drives just to see what's there . . . you get the idea . . . write: P.C.M., P.O. Box 18422, Oklahoma City, OK 73154-8422.

(10/92) OKLAHOMA CITY: WM, 33, blond, masculine, attractive, seeks husky WM dad for possible workout partner. Cop, ex-cop a plus. Will travel. Write: Craig Young, 13301 Kasbaum Lane, Oklahoma City, OK 73150.

## OREGON

(10/92) OREGON: GWM, healthy, HIV negative, 60s, 5'-7", 160#, 6" cut, seeks a relaxed country home lifestyle with a loving, gentle guy. I enjoy gardening, local au natural hot springs, reading, music, art. Write: **WOODSLANDER**

## SOUTH CAROLINA

(2/93) SOUTH CAROLINA/NATIONWIDE: Bi-WM Daddy, 45, 6'-1", 200#, masculine, healthy, horny, clean-shaven, cigar smoker, professional engineer, seeks balding, masculine, cigar/pipe-smoking Papa for friendship, hot sex, long-term relationship. My interests include horses, farming, railroads, antique cars. Penpals and travelers welcome in 45-85 age bracket. Write: **BIG ED**

## TEXAS

(12/92) SEEK YOUNG MALE: I seek friendship now, maybe more later. I'm very healthy, no diseases, clean, professional, attractive (I'm told), virile as though I were 18. Write. Send photo if possible. Jim, Box 190665, Dallas, TX 75219.

(2/93) TEXAS HILL COUNTRY: Seek an exclusive, but not live-in, relationship with a LONE WOLF, BUD TWO, MOUNTAIN MAN, MACK type in the Texas Hill Country. Married okay. I'm very oral, 62, 190#, 6'-1", HIV negative. Photo and phone get immediate reply from **LONE COYOTE.**

(10/92) HOUSTON/HUMBLE, TEXAS: GWM, early40s, 6 ft., 200 #, blond, blue eyes, 5-1/2", seeks 55+, greying or white haired fatherly types with interest in outdoor recreation. I love to please seniors who can be firm yet loving. HIV negative a must. Photo in exchange for yours. Write: **SENIOR PLEASER**

(10/92) BULL-TO-BULL: San Antonio late 30s, athletic-looking, intelligent, HIV negative, 6 ft, average size, 185#, white male, looking for 50+, white, masculine male to share the pleasures of manhood. Photo/phone please. Write: Greg, 6620 Seidel #89, San Antonio, TX 78209.

(10/92) HOUSTON/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: Romantic, GWM, 49, 5'-8", 185#, average looks, brown hair, blue eyes, who loves from the heart, desires a loving and beautiful, monogamous relationship with one special guy, 40-60. Life is too short and beautiful not to share it together. Some interests include music (opera, classical, etc.), ballet, entertaining with friends, some travel, concerts, moonlight walks, candlelight dinners, flea markets, and classic movies, just to name a few. I'm easy-going, kind, sincere, honest, compassionate, and have a good sense of humor. Interested? Write me. Your photo/phone gets mine. Smokers okay, but no drugs. I'm willing to relocate. I love life. Let's share it together. Write: **LA SYLPHIDE**

## VIRGINIA

(10/92) IMPISH VIRGINIA GENTLEMAN: Professional, financially stable, fun-loving Northern Virginia GWM seeks similar for companionship, fun, travel, and possibly "physical pal." I enjoy movies, walks, the beach, mountains, theater, food & wine, entertaining, and quiet evenings at home with friends. The stats are: 51, 5'-9", 240#, and silver hair (all over). While curious about everything, health concerns limit my activities to kissing, cuddling, French active/passive and J.O. I'm HIV negative. I'd love to meet DC metro area guys with similar interests who are my size, or smaller, and "about" my age or younger. Please drop a note to B. Weaver, P.O. Box 6796, Arlington, VA 22206. Your photo will be returned with a note, or you'll get mine.

(NS10/92) BIG, FULL, LOW HANGERS: Very tall white masculine man seeks a man (black or white), 40-60 years old with big, full low-hanging balls. Must be able to see your load bulging through your pants and enjoy rubbing in front of other men. My lips will slap your big nuts on every downstroke. Tatoos, uniforms and

business suits are a big turn-on! Call Dave (304) 520-5685.

**WASHINGTON**

(10/92) SEATTLE/TACOMA: I'm 65, 5'-7", 190#, stocky, healthy, young-at-heart, fun-loving, and able to travel. Seek younger man with his head on straight for friendship or whatever. Photo a plus. Write: **NORTHWEST STOCKY**

(12/92) VANCOUVER AREA: Couple, 65 & 35, both stocky, wants to meet other intergenerational couples for friendship, camping, dinners and fun. Couples like DENNY & BIG MAC a big plus. So write already. **SEAMUS & LAYTON**

(10/92) WASHINGTON STATE/NATIONWIDE: Lonely black male, 52, 5'-8", 160#, educated, healthy, sincere, honest, good sense of humor, employed. I don't smoke, use drugs or drink. I am Greek active. Seek an honest, sincere, permanent, monogamous relationship. Desire nonsmoker, no drugs, healthy, honest, secure, Greek passive bottom. Any race between 45-70, 145-190#. I have simple interests: cooking, traveling, conversation, movies, stamp collecting, and quiet times at home. Exchange photos and phone numbers for a quick meeting. No bull. Write: **LONELY**

(10/92) WOODSMAN SEEKS LIFEMATE: CR model, issues #46 and #51, GWM, 56, 6'-1", 180#, seeking lifemate relationship built on love, affection, honesty, caring, respect, humor, sex and compatibility. Respond with photo and let's get to know each other for a happy life together. I can relocate. John Grusy, 407 Elk Creek Rd., Chehalis, WA 98532, or telephone (206) 291-3837.

(10/92) LONELY SAILOR: 68, 5'-9", 148#, silver/grey, grey/green, slender, French/Greek passive. Live alone and hate it. Into sailing, books (especially sci-fi, fantasy), classical & jazz, cooking. Semi-retired, 13 years in marine supply. Gentle, affectionate. Seek partner near my age (plus or minus several), like-interests, western WA, OR. Your letter and photo will bring prompt response with same. T.L.C., P.O. Box 1023, Pt. Townsend, WA 98368.

**INTERNATIONAL**

*(Postal rates for not more than 1/2 oz: Canada: .40; Mexico: .35; Other: .50. For not more than 1 oz: Canada: .40; Mexico: .45; Other: .95.)*

(10/92) *HOLA!* Middle-age American couple living in Mexico offers CR "family" visitors middle-class Mexican quarters, warm hospitality with hugs (possibly a lot more), and good spirits. Drop us a line. Write: Gene Wagner, P.O. Box 5-944, C.P. 45000, Guadalajara, Jalisco, MEXICO.

(10/92) GAY PARIS: French top or lover, dark, 6'-4", attractive (see October 91 issue), HIV negative, French passive, coming to California next December. Seeks 50+ with no beard and no 'stache. If possible, slim and white haired. **FRENCH LOVER**

(10/92) NEW ZEALAND: English, 60, 5'-8", 165#, young in heart, varied interests in the arts, classical music, books, conversation, cooking. Seeks Chinese life partner, over 30. Will be visiting U.S.A. July '93. Write: Mike, P.O. Box 3964, Auckland, NEW ZEALAND.

(2/93) YOUNG, HUNG, HORNY IN VANCOUVER: GWM, 28, 5'-11", 140#, blond, 9" cut, HIV negative. Seeks over-40, balding, stocky, hairy, overweight, hung men. Clean-shaven preferred. Men like television's Ed Asner or CR models like MICHAEL OF GERMANY. Enjoy men in suits and leather, maybe lite S & M. Seeking a top man. Seeking a relationship, but friends are great. Photos please. Write: **ROOKIE**

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Girth & Mirth of New York, Box 10, Pelham, NY 10803

Girth & Mirth of San Francisco, 176-B Page St., San Francisco, CA 94102

Girth & Mirth of Detroit, Box 39523, Redford, MI 48239

Girth & Mirth of San Diego, Box 86822, San Diego, CA 92138-6822

Girth & Mirth Twin Cities, Box 4288, Hopkins, MN 58343

Southwest Men at Large (SMAL), Box 25951, Tempe, AZ 85285-6129

Northwest Bears, 1202 E. Pike St. #802, Seattle, WA 98122-3918

Great Triad Men, Box 38032, Greensboro, NC 27438

Golden Gate Connection, Box 2328, Daly City, CA 94017

Girth & Mirth--Deutschland, Stephanstrasse 11, D-5000 Köln 1, GERMANY

Girth & Mirth of Germany, PLK 046136C, D-1000, Berlin 42, GERMANY

Girth & Mirth - Belgium, B.P. 1514, B-6000 Charleroi-1, BELGUIM

**CLUBS FOR MATURE MEN**

PRIME TIMERS, P.O. Box 436, Manchaca, TX 78652 (512) 282-2861. Clubs are located in major cites from coast to coast and in Canada. Call or write Woody Baldwin for the club nearest you.

**ARTWORK FOR SALE**

THE ARTWORK OF DAVID - Original artwork for sale to benefit AIDS projects. Inquiries Box 70025, Houston, TX 77270-0025.

UNUSUAL ARTWORK - original paintings of nude men of color and Bigmen. Contact: KEMUSH c/o CR.


## THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS

Is an enchanted, secluded bed and breakfast house perched atop a mountain in the midst of an ancient redwood forest. Guests are pampered with elegantly appointed rooms, gourmet breakfasts, a spa, breathtaking views of the Russian River, and the wafting fragrance of thousands of flowers. Located north of San Francisco near the coast and west of Santa Rosa. Come stay with PAPA and BABY BEAR. For more information, write: HOUSE OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS, P.O. Box 369, Monte Rio, CA 95462, or call (707) 632-5571.

# IN CLOSING

## FOUR STEPS FORWARD. TWO STEPS BACK.

By the time you read this, PDC (a division of Liberation Publications, Inc., owners of *The Advocate*) will have ceased being the distributor for *CHIRON RISING* Magazine. Because of legal considerations, we choose not to discuss the details surrounding the contract cancellation or comment on PDC's performance, but we will tell you that the parting was less than sweet and has resulted in an extremely costly setback for us. If you're still curious, you might glean a hint from the *Advocate*'s new announcement of a "Proud Placement Task Force," which pleads for readership help in getting the *Advocate* "displayed properly—not with erotic magazines." The number given to call is PDC's customer service representative. That's right, the mighty distributor, PDC, is enlisting the aid of *Advocate* readers to help get them into more outlets. Think about that for a minute.

As a result of this setback, our planned hiring of two key staff members, an additional upgrade in our quality, and the kickoff of a book publishing operation will have to be shelved for the time being. We'll have to do a little belt-tightening until our new distributor gets us into the right marketplace and helps us reach our goals. Our new distributor has a track record of knowing how to solve marketing and image problems; they fully understand that CR's potential is awesome. They also know the industry inside and out and have opened my eyes to the finer aspects of homo-masculine magazine distribution. Not all gay retailers are the same. Some carry only the erotic clone magazines and the politically correct news magazines (no CR here). Some try to carry everything printed (invariably, CR ends up in the back room with all the porn or lost within the maze of the hard-to-categorize on the bottom shelf). Then there are those stores, gay and otherwise, which handle only the homo-masculine magazines. In these shops, CR is usually presented prominently and sells quite well.

Our time will come. We *will* survive.

## YEAR OF THE DISASTER

We offer condolences to all our Florida and Louisiana readers who have suffered from the immense devastation brought about by Hurricane Andrew. We have quite a few subscribers in and around Homestead, Florida and Lafayette, Louisiana, and are concerned about their plight. If you know someone who has lost his home and/or was hurt during the hurricane, please advise us. Perhaps we can help in some small way through our brotherhood network.

In light of the L.A. Riot, the massive 7.5 Landers Quake, and the fact that the southern San Andreas Fault is showing vivid signs of erupting in an catastrophic quake, 1992 could very well prove to be the "Year of the Disaster" for Southern California. And now that the mind-boggling disasters extend to Florida and Louisiana, perhaps we should wonder if more maladies are imminent for the rest of the country. Will the Chicago river spring another leak and shut down the Windy City? Will New York's massive underground utilities systems remain operational? Will the New Madrid Fault erupt? Will the AIDS epidemic and urban warfare deliver a death blow to an already reeling health care system? Will Social Security and military retirement benefits be cut? Will you lose your job? Will the U.S. and Western Europe be sucked into the steadily spreading ethnic hostilities in Eastern Europe (aka WWIII)?

Now is the time to stop denying the possibilities and start preparing for the inevitable. Now is not the time to be alone and vulnerable. Reach out. Join our network and start caring for someone. There is power and safety in numbers.

And that, dear readers, is what our version of "family" is all about. CR is a network of strong, loving, self-sufficient families that will survive as others fragment. Even if you don't share my rather negative view of the future, what will you have lost by reaching out and making some friends?

## A LOOK INTO THE FUTURE

With a bi-monthly magazine, it is impossible to be current with news. This issue had to be in the printer's hands on September 1 in order for it to hit the streets on October 1. This means that the contents essentially had to be type-set and proofed by the middle of August.

We'll therefore tell you as much as we can about a potentially great event that is due to happen before this issue goes to press:

On September 18, Chicago's "The Jenny Jones Show" should have taped a program about male-male intergenerational relationships. If the program airs as scheduled, four couples from a pool consisting of JOEL & THOM, PAPA & BABY BEAR, BEAR CUB & AL, GENTLE BEN & mate, and two other CR subscribers will be featured. If you don't want to miss this, we recommend that you monitor all airings of the show from the end of September though the middle of October. The show is in wide syndication and could appear on any network at any time of day.

In addition, two very popular models will be exchanging vows in a ceremony right here at Casa de Luna, and we'll give you the whole story in the next issue.

In the meantime, may all of you have a brilliantly colorful fall and a happy Thanksgiving. With love.

Pat and The Friar

# THE ARTWORK OF ELF

ELF lives in the Pacific Northwest with a cuddly and delightfully stout lover. While his main artistic thrust is illustration and portrait work, he enjoys reminding men that beauty comes in all sizes by delving in romantic fantasy art.

# THE ARTWORK OF MAURICE

MAURICE, a young Mexican artist residing in London, truly appreciates the more mature man.

# ORDER FORM

| SUBSCRIPTIONS | NO. AMERICA | ELSEWHERE |
|---|---|---|
| 8 ISSUES - six bi-monthly issues of CR and two semi-annual issues of CR CLASSICS. | $50.00 | $66.00 |
| 6 ISSUES - six bi-monthly issues of CR only. | 38.00 | 50.00 |
| 4 ISSUES - three bi-monthly issues of CR and one semi-annual issue of CR CLASSICS. | 26.00 | 35.00 |
| 3 ISSUES -three bi-monthly issues of CR only. | 20.00 | 26.00 |

Is this a renewal? Yes____ No____

| CR - REGULAR BACK ISSUES | NO. AMERICA | S.A. & EUROPE EXCEPT U.K. | U.K. & ELSEWHERE |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1992: #48, #50 | 1.50 | 3.00 | 4.00 |
| 1992: #51 | 3.00 | 5.00 | 6.00 |
| (ALL OTHER REGULAR ISSUES SOLD OUT) | | | |
| CR CLASSICS - SEMI-ANNUAL SPECIAL ISSUES | | | |
| FALL/WINTER 90 (SANCTUM) #37 | 2.00 | 4.00 | 6.00 |
| SPRING/SUMMER 91 (MOONFINCH)#41 | 2.00 | 4.00 | 6.00 |
| SPRING/SUMMER 92 (KNOWING SATURN) #49 | 2.00 | 4.00 | 6.00 |
| FALLWINTER 92 (REDEMPTION . . . ) #53 | 8.00 | 10.00 | 12.00 |
| (ALL OTHER SPECIAL ISSUES SOLD OUT) | | | |

IMPORTANT:

1) Because of risk of customs confiscation, we ship to Japan, United Kingdom and New Zealand via Air Mail Correspondence rate, which is more expensive than our usual Air Mail Printed Matter rate. All issues are shipped in separate envelopes. We are not responsible for confiscation by customs officials.

2) All issues are now available in all states. THIS FORM, PROPERLY COMPLETED AND SIGNED MUST ACCOMPANY ALL ORDERS, HOWEVER. NO EXCEPTIONS.

3) U.S. orders for three or more back issues are mailed via Priority Mail. Since multiple issue packages are too often reported as never received, we will not guarantee delivery of larger envelopes unless you request special handling and include an additional $4.00 to cover certified and return receipt fees.

4) The above prices include postage, taxes and handling. All issues are mailed via First Class mail in the U.S. and via Printed Matter Air Mail elsewhere (except Japan, Great Britain and New Zealand). Circle items requested and enclose check or money order in U.S. funds (money order only from overseas—no checks unless through U.S. banks), payable to CHIRON RISING. Send cash at your own risk. It should be mailed well-disguised via certified mail. Mail to CHIRON RISING, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393. [4864Luna, Phelan]

I CERTIFY THAT I AM OVER 18 YEARS OF AGE AND ACKNOWLEDGE THAT I AM REQUESTING SEXUALLY EXPLICIT, HOMOSEXUALLY ORIENTED MATERIALS. I AM NOT A LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICIAL, POSTAL INSPECTOR OR MEMBER OF ANY CENSORSHIP GROUP. I WILL NOT EXHIBIT THIS MATERIAL TO A MINOR OR EXPOSE IT TO ANY PERSON WHOSE PRIVACY OR SENSIBILITIES MIGHT BE OFFENDED.

SIGNED:_____

NAME:_____

ADDRESS:_____

CITY/STATE/ZIP:_____

[Note: please take the time to fill out the following questionaire: How did you find out about CR?

1. ___ Book store. Name of store: _____ City: _____
2. ___ CR subscriber. Name of subscriber (optional): _____
3. ___ Word of mouth.

# PERSONAL AD ORDER FORM

**NOTE: WE MUST RECEIVE YOUR AD FOR ISSUE #54(DEC 92) NO LATER THAN OCTOBER 15, 1992**

Personal ads for both subscribers and non-subscribers are now priced at 30 cents per word, with a minimum order of $10. Codewords (An alias only you and we know. We receive your mail, decode and forward to you--subscribers only) are $5 per issue. A telephone verification charge of $5 is required for the publication of telephone numbers (not applicable if you've placed an ad with your telephone number in the past year).

AD HEADING: (all caps)_____

MESSAGE: (Type or print clearly. Use attachment if more space needed. Do not abbreviate, except as noted below):

AD CLOSING or CODEWORD: (State the name and address or codeword you want to appear in the ad.)

NOTE: If you use a codeword, make sure it is unique. If your particular codeword has already been taken, we will assign another. YOU MUST USE YOUR REAL NAME, AN ALIAS OR INITIALS IF YOU USE A P.O. BOX. WE WILL NOT ALLOW THE USE OF "OCCUPANT" OR "BOX HOLDER". YOU MAY NOT PLACE AN AD FOR SOMEONE ELSE.

YOUR REAL NAME (not for publication):_____AD DURATION:___Issues

YOUR MAILING ADDRESS (if you are not a subscriber)_____

PRICING:_____Words X 30 cents/word X _____Issues= $_____

Codeword (if applicable): _____Issues @ $5 Each Issue _____

Telephone Verification (if applicable) @ $5 (One Time Charge) _____

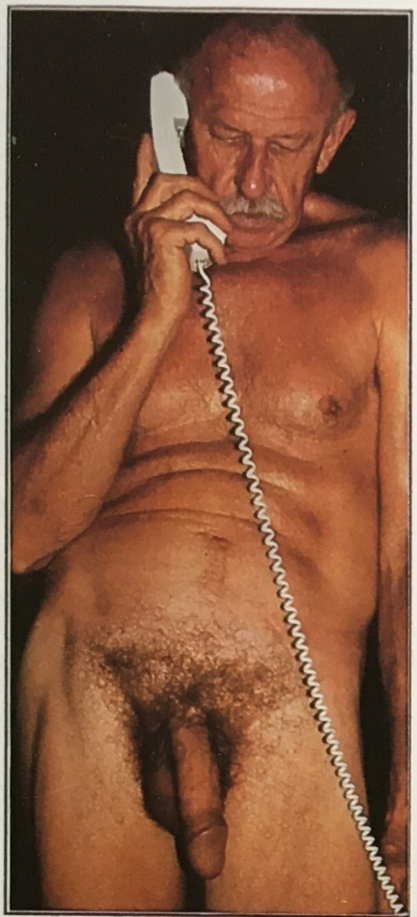
TOTAL REMITTANCE $_____

NOTE: Abbreviations GWM, HIV, P.O. and two-letter state symbols are the only abbreviations allowed and each counts as one word. Number series (age, weight, height, endowment, P.O. box numbers, addresses, apartment numbers, zip codes and telephone numbers) count as one word each. We refuse to print descriptions of body weight, mannerisms, skin color, etc. in a negative context. CLEARLY specify what you seek, not what you exclude.

I hereby authorize CHIRON RISING to publish the above ad, and I take sole responsibility for any resulting relationship or incident.

(Sign)_____

Mail to: CHIRON RISING, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.



JOE photo by HARRY

TURBO photo by D.J.

MERRILL photo by JOEL

# GENITALIA EQUINUS

JON photo by OXONIAN

THE MESA KID photo by PALO VERDE

# DOOLITTLE

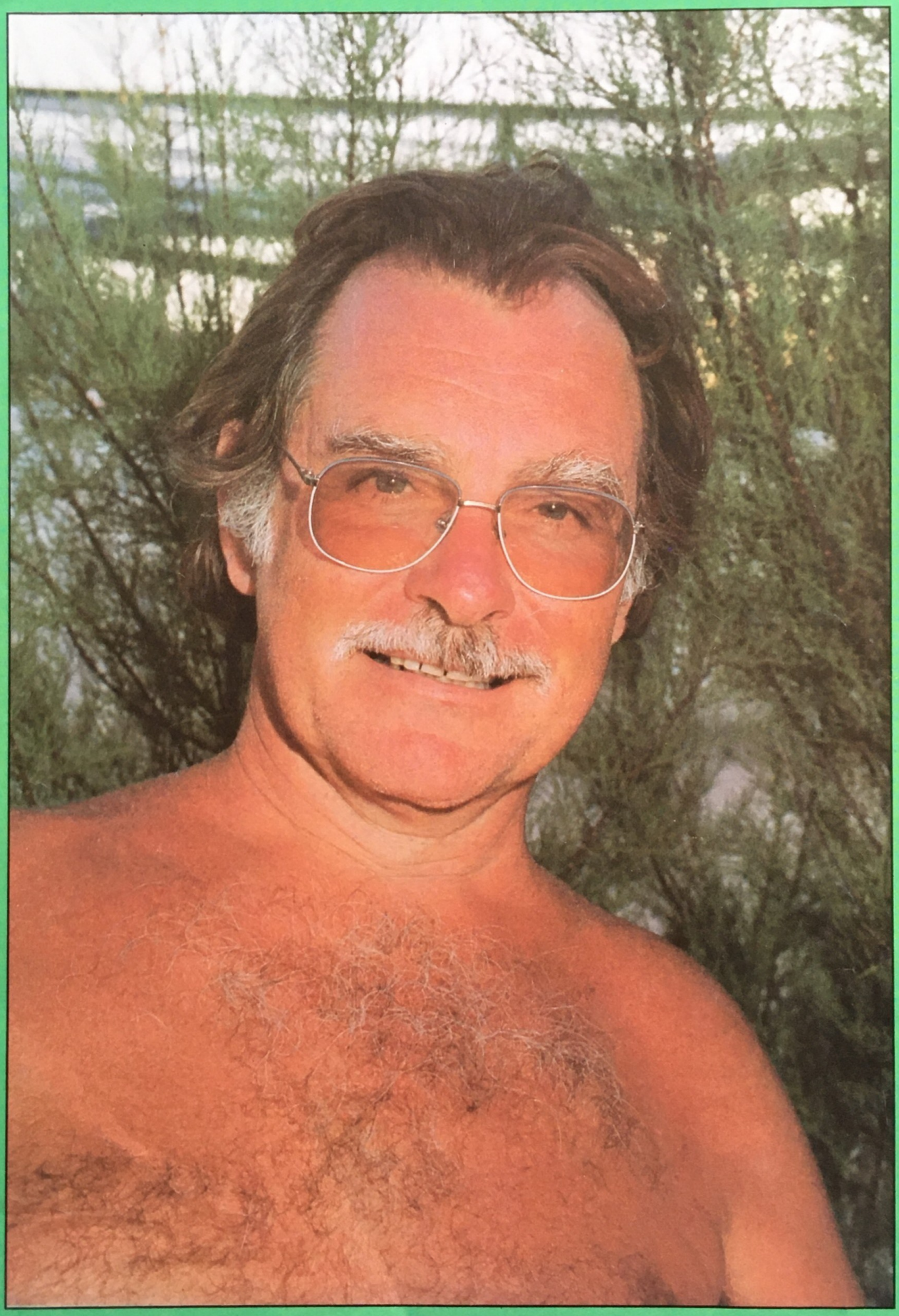


PHOTO BY SIMBA